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From Publisher—To You

TWO things in this issue have made us reflect. One is William Allen White's remarks about the Republican Convention at Kansas City. The other is Claude Bragdon's paraphrase of the philosophy of the Hindu, Krishnamurti.

"Do not shun life, therefore, nor be afraid to adventure and experiment. . . . For if you trust life, instead of fearing it, you will find that life will itself sustain you. . . . Self-mastery and the understanding of life are necessary for spiritual enlightenment, and these can be gained best by living."

SO says Krishnamurti. And we imagine that most of our younger generation will agree with him. Katherine Mansfield has recorded in her diary, written only for herself, how she looked at the mountains, and prayed to God—and thought of something clever. Leonard Bacon in a recent review says: "To be jocular with the tangled psychological and physiological passions of men and women, to view them as at once comic and of no importance, is a spiritual give-away. It proves deadness of soul."

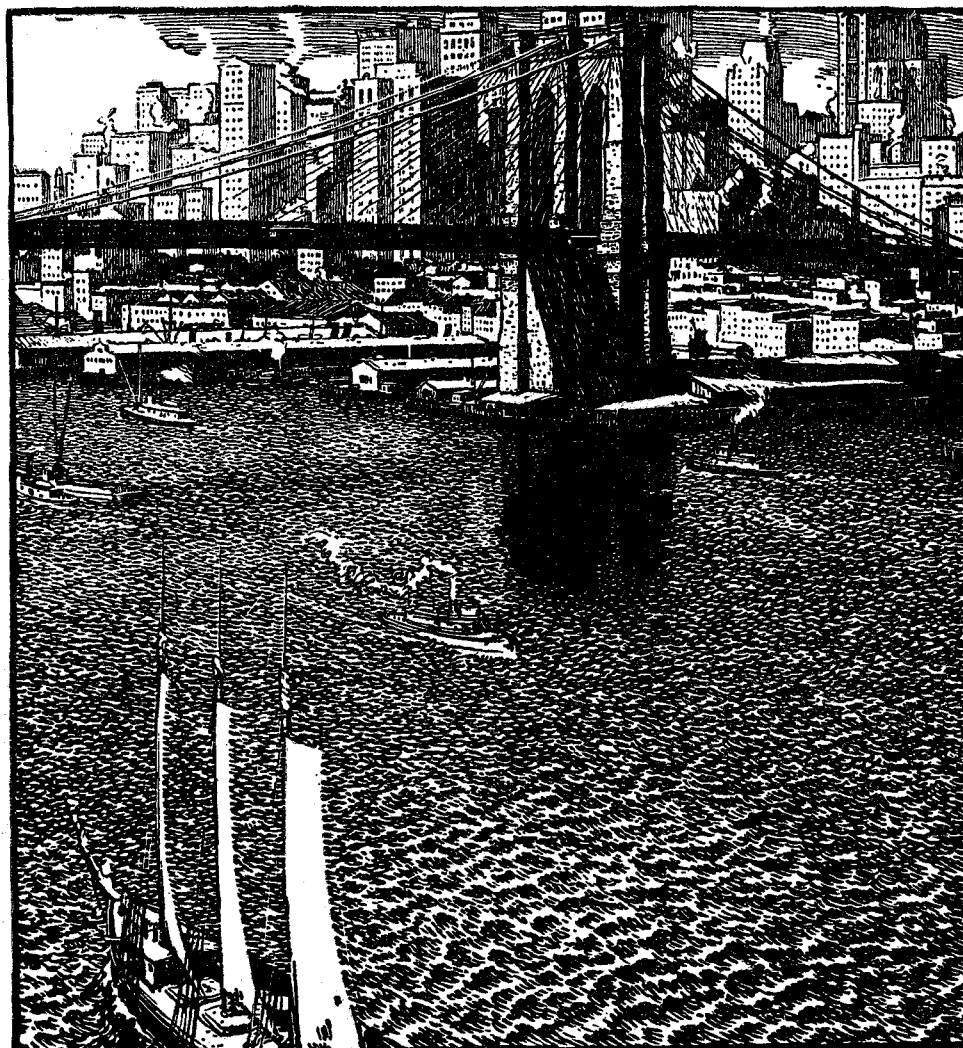
CERTAINLY, arrival at some method of understanding ourselves seems to be the thing that most people nowadays are after. Increasingly it is taking some such form as Krishnamurti suggests—a desire to live fully, in order that we may understand what manner of beings we are; and then positively to mold ourselves and our world after what we have discovered.

AND meanwhile, what of William Allen White? Says Mr. White: "When a great party like the Republican Party resolves to keep business out of politics and politics out of business, when it abandons the purpose of its founders to make the Government an agency of human welfare, the best minds of the country go into business and party politics are conducted by a lot of animated rubber stamps."

SO far have we gone from the men of 1776, the Continental Congress, and a generation that knew what it believed and carried its personal beliefs into public action, politically, and on the field of battle.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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BROOKLYN BRIDGE

A wood engraving, by R. Ruzicka

The Outlook

June 20, 1928

The World This Week

Stale, Flat, Unprofitable

JUST as we were about to pronounce some long-distance judgments on the Republican gathering at Kansas City we came across some first-hand comment by William Allen White. Mr. White likens the Convention to the funeral of William McKinley. This is worse than anything we had in mind; but he is on the ground, and we are going to let him speak for us.

"Typically Republican Conventions are calm," he says in his correspondence. "This is one without spirit, without sparkle, almost without interest. . . .

"The reason for this political atrophy lies in the lack of powerful and interesting leaders. Not only are the Presidential candidates on the whole colorless men, but the Convention is without striking leadership. There is not an epigram in a car-load of these leaders, and, curiously, no public questions are discussed except the McNary-Haugen Bill, and that in a desultory way."

Concerning that much-touted stick of political dynamite the sage of Emporia remarks ironically:

"There is no more interest here in the McNary-Haugen Bill than there is in the Missouri Valley."

He supports that opinion with the results of a poll conducted by his paper. The response to post-cards was less than fifty per cent; of the votes tabulated, two to one were against the measure.

"This same weariness of the flesh is manifest in the delegates. No one is talking prohibition. The New York delegates have made no impression. No one is voicing opinions on the World Court, Nicaragua, or anything. . . . Rumors are not rife. No one is excited. Mr. Hoover will control the Committee on Credentials, but no one cares. At

Chicago in 1912 the control of the Committee on Credentials was as vital as the capture of Verdun.

"I talked to a man who had read the keynote speech. He could not remember a syllable of it. The Convention will meet because it is probably easier to meet than to wrangle in a hotel. It will name a candidate because of the pressure of the order of business. But it is without spontaneity, without ginger, stale, flat, and unprofitable.

"When a great party like the Republican Party resolves to keep business out of politics and politics out of business, when it abandons the purpose of its founders to make government an agency of human welfare, the best minds of the country go into business and party conventions are conducted by a lot of animated rubber stamps debating solemnly whether to bow down in worship to an adding machine like Mr. Hoover, a cream separator like Mr. Lowden, or a back-firing tractor like General Dawes."

The Vice-Presidency

FOUR or five days before the Republican National Convention opened at Kansas City on Tuesday some friends of Representative John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut, engaged a room at one of the smaller hotels to advance his candidacy for the Vice-Presidential nomination. Two or three newspaper correspondents drifted in during the day, their curiosity aroused by the news that some one was actively seeking this office, and even was spending money in the cause. They found a virtually deserted headquarters, not far from the Convention Hall, with an amiable and earnest young man in charge. He explained that Mr. Tilson, who is the Republican Floor Leader in the House,

was not really anxious for the nomination. He was, in fact, not a candidate at all. But his friends felt that he was eminently qualified, and were therefore ready to start his boom. "Mr. Tilson's most important qualification," the young man said, "is that he comes from a doubtful State. Next in importance is the fact that he hasn't much money. Thirdly, he was born in Tennessee, and therefore would be popular with the border State Republicans who may bolt the Democratic Party if Al Smith is nominated." Mr. Tilson's supporter has summed up fairly completely the standard qualifications for the Vice-Presidency.

The Slogan Man

ONE of the important personages who arrived early in Kansas City was J. Henry Smythe, Jr., of New York, generally known as "the Slogan Man," but sometimes called "the Grand Old Party Megaphone Man."

Mr. Smythe arrived in town bristling with slogans. It made no difference to him who was nominated; he had an apothegm for any eventuality. For instance: "Who's for Hoover? Everybody. Curtis Can't Hurt Us. Keep Coolidge, He Keeps the Faith. Choose a Man Like Dawes to Protect Our Laws."

Mr. Smythe is actually taken seriously at National Conventions. He has been working at his strange profession for years, and did heroic service during the World War writing slogans booming Liberty Bonds, the A. E. F., and France. He has attended most of the Republican Conventions since 1900, and admits responsibility for "Republicans Have Used Axes on Our Taxes." Mr. Smythe's

conscience does not permit him to write Democratic slogans, despite his versatility, so his rôle at Houston will have to be played by some one else.

Those Who Are Not Present

THE impartial observer at the Republican Convention cannot avoid a sensation of surprise that so many important movements in the United States, so many causes that are of the first importance, seem to be represented either not at all or only very casually. Doubtless there are plenty of professional lobbyists working behind the scenes. They are familiar with the places where the important committee work is going on. They know that it is better to influence one member of the platform or resolutions committee than to harangue a thousand delegates.

As far as the outward scene is concerned, however, labor has no interest in the proceedings. No one is handing out bills demanding the closed shop. No voice is being raised against the coal situation in Pennsylvania.

The anti-prohibitionists, knowing it to be useless, are making no appearances. Even the usually militant National Woman's Party seems to be contented with a small table in a hotel lobby. An occasional handbill is distributed, but that is all.

The Derby

THE costers' carts were missing, and the famous old coaches, and a new colt was crowned; otherwise the Derby was as it has been and as it likely will be when we are dead—the greatest spectacle in the world of sport.

For 364 days Epsom Downs is a bare and unsightly strip of roughly undulating land, interspersed with stretches of rugged gorse; the next day it is a spectacle without equal. The King and the Queen are there, and the Prince of Wales, and the lords and their ladies, and 'Enery and Lizer and the nipper. And all have a shilling or a quid or a fortune on the 3-year-olds. So it was this time, and so it will be in years to come.

There is nothing like the Derby, for it is a feature of natural growth and inception. One hundred and forty years have gone into its making. It is so much of an institution that the World War could not crowd it off the Downs. It is beyond the power of the Rickards to create a national holiday, promote an event that lifts cobblers and clerks into the moneyed classes.

The winner was Felstead, an almost unknown outsider, owned by Sir Hugo



Kirby in the New York World

"Here comes Mellon. I wonder if he will give me a lift?"

Cunliffe-Owen, and those who backed him got 33 to 1 for their money. His win was characterized as the most amazing racing upset in recent years. Only one of the first seven favorites, Flamingo, finished in the money. Fairway, the favorite, was near the tail of the procession.

And of course fortunes were made and lost. The owner of the Felstead ticket in the Calcutta Sweepstakes, once a sailor, is now a millionaire. He won approximately \$1,255,000.

A Glasgow woman, drawing a ticket on Black Watch, is richer by about \$300,000. A cobbler who had the same horse in the Stock Exchange Sweepstake is worth today about \$100,000.

America to Australia by Air

THE conquest of the Pacific is the outstanding air feat of this year, and bids fair to remain so. It is also a model of



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The way to end National election scandals

sound planning, equipment fitted for the purpose in view, and proper heed to navigation, security, and joint effort.

From California to Hawaii, 2,400 miles; from Hawaii to Suva in the Fijis, 3,138 miles; from Suva to Brisbane, 1,762 miles—in all, 7,300 miles, with but two stops, and those on mid-ocean islands! This is a feat of the first magnitude. Twenty years ago we should have called any man crazy who should predict that by any means whatever man could go from California to Australia in a week and a day; yet that is just about the full elapsed time of the Southern Cross, and out of that should be taken about four and a half days to get the actual flying time—eighty-four hours. Across the wide Pacific in three and a half days of actual flying is a record that will take some beating, as the English sportsmen say.

Captain Kingsford-Smith, his Australian comrade and co-pilot, Ulm, and their two American friends, Lyon and Warner, made up a notable flying quartet. They encountered heavy weather on every one of the three legs of their great voyage. Skill, knowledge, and courage played equal parts in their success. They amply deserved the rousing greetings they met at Brisbane and at their final goal—Sydney, just a step away from Brisbane, say 500 miles!

Is Nobile Found?

THE mystery of the Italia continues. There had been half-heard messages in the air, but up to June 9 none of these were authenticated as from the Italia. On the date just mentioned, however, a newspaper agency in Rome announced that the Citta di Milano, base ship at Spitsbergen for Nobile's expedition, had maintained radio communication for twenty minutes with the Italia. The dirigible gave her bearings, it was stated, which corresponded to a place twenty miles north of Cape Leigh Smith, the northeasterly extremity of North East Land, which is between Spitsbergen and Franz Josef Land.

Later reports from Spitsbergen asserted that beyond doubt communication had been held between Nobile's party and the base ship; that the lost men are all alive on pack-ice 80° 30' north and 28° east; and that they are divided into two parties. Every effort is being directed as we write (June 11) to reach and rescue Nobile and his crew, by ice-breaking ship, planes, and sleds. The latest report at that date was that Lieutenant Holm in a seaplane had found two of the crew injured and that the

Italia had been broken up by a storm and the crew separated into two parties.

Prohibition in Pittsburgh

IN Pittsburgh, in the Hon. Andrew D. Mellon's bailiwick, the prohibition agents got their dander up and the city's rum ring is broken in 167 places. A Federal Grand Jury has returned indictments against that many violators and conspirators; and among them are the names of the Superintendent of Police, three police inspectors, five ward chairmen of the Republican Party, twelve police lieutenants, minor politicians, patrolmen, "fixers," "go-betweens," and, as the musical comedy programs say, villagers.

Such satisfaction as is not monopolized by the enforcement officers will be expressed by the professional bondsmen. It will take, it is estimated, \$835,000 to release these notables and their henchmen on bail.

Al Smith as Financier

WHY, after all, should Governor Alfred E. Smith talk politics when he can talk administrative achievement? His annual report, recently made public, shows a free cash surplus of \$13,505,327 in the treasury; sinking funds of \$100,120,027, with taxation increments assured sufficient to meet all obligations at maturity; and \$3,742,000 of bonds redeemed during the fiscal year. In addition, tax reductions on real property have saved, in the pockets of the taxpayers, \$12,500,000.

In a State Government, at least, it appears not impossible to reduce taxes, retire bonds, and build up a surplus at the same time.

Mussolini Loves Us All

FIRE has flamed from the Fascist Foreign Office in Rome, threatening Italy's neighbors, more than once since Mussolini and his "Black Shirts" made themselves masters of the Imperial City. But now the flame-throwers are retired, and instead doves are fluttering over the offices of the dictator.

Il Duce—"the Chief"—has told the Italian Senate that he wants to live at peace with all the world.

He emphasized the power of the United States and the importance of good relations with America, and took occasion to say that "naturalized Americans of Italian origin" are foreigners so far as Italy is concerned. That removes a question regarding claims of dual citizenship which has from time to time disturbed American minds.

With France, he admitted, relations have veered "from bad to indifferent." But now, with an agreement regarding the rights of Italy at the international port of Tangier, the status of Italians in the French colony of Tunisia, and the adjustment of the western frontier of Tripolitania, there is a bright prospect of happier relations. Not a word about Italian desires to regain a section of the now French Riviera.

Of Yugoslavia, where student rioters have been demonstrating against Italy and tearing down Italian flags, Mussolini declared: "We decided that our policy toward Yugoslavia must be friendly."

"Our relations with Austria are diplomatically correct," he continued, "but it depends on Austria to reach a degree of greater cordiality." And he expressed a hope for a return of amity with Germany. Austrian and German students



Kirby in the New York World

The millstone around his neck

have assailed Italian consulates and torn down Italian flags, in sympathy with the Yugoslav demonstrators and in protest against Italian treatment of Austrians in the former South Tyrol, which Italy annexed and made the Upper Adige.

As to armament, Mussolini remarked that he merely desired that Italy be the equal of the best-armed nation on the Continent. An innocent-sounding policy, which Paris will study with attention. The Fascist spokesman must have been reading somebody's speeches about speaking gently and carrying a big stick.

The Upshot of Hearsay

WILLIAM SULZER, sometime Governor of New York, is a picturesque person, unique enough to admit that he is politically dead. He made that admission to the Senate Campaign Funds Committee in response to a question as to his occu-

pation. He said that he was a statesman, and added, "Tom Reed defined a statesman as a dead politician."

The trail leading to Mr. Sulzer as a likely witness was devious, not to say dubious. Senator J. Thomas Heflin told the Committee that the Rev. Olaf R. Miller told him (Heflin) that Governor Sulzer told him (Miller) that a friend of his (Sulzer's) in a Western State had received \$25,000 for doing certain things to advance the Presidential candidacy of Al Smith. That is what brought Sulzer to the witness-stand.

On the stand, Mr. Sulzer said that he knew nothing of anybody's having received \$25,000 or any other sum, that he was trying to educate the Rev. Mr. Miller in the methods of conducting political campaigns, and had stated a hypothetical case showing how a politician "might be rewarded with wampum in Wampumville, a good-sized town just across the river from Hoboken."

Thus went up in smoke, or other gaseous substance, the only bit of concrete evidence that Senator Heflin had to offer in substantiation of his repeated charges of huge slush funds used in Governor Smith's behalf.

What Is Adjournment?

DID President Coolidge pocket veto the bill for Government operation of Muscle Shoals? He meant to. He held it for ten days without signing it, which is the method of pocket vetoing a bill when the ten days has not run before adjournment of Congress. The same procedure while Congress is in session makes a bill a law. That is, failure to sign while Congress is in session is equivalent to approval, but failure to sign after Congress has adjourned is equivalent to disapproval.

None the less, Senator Norris, joint author with Representative Morin, of the Muscle Shoals Bill, contends that the bill is now a law. He says that Congress has not adjourned but merely recessed, that a particular Congress actually adjourns only at its last session, and not at its first. There is in the record a ruling by Speaker Longworth which sustains Senator Norris's contention. The question, however, is one for the Supreme Court of the United States to decide, and that Court will shortly decide it in a case pending involving a treaty with the Shawnee Indians. The decision in that case—the bill involved was passed last year—will doubtless be accepted in the Muscle Shoals case.

Whatever the legal decision may be, the case presents an argument for revision of certain Congressional proce-

ture, at least in the Senate. The motion which dispersed that body at 5:30 o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, made by Senator Johnson, of California, was that "the Senate do now adjourn *sine die*." Whether the action was mere recessing or actual adjournment, it was not adjournment *sine die*. Congress recesses—or adjourns—at the end of a session very definitely *with day*, a day known to every Senator and Representative and to every informed American.

The Pope and Mexico

THE Roman Catholic Church has taken the first step to find a way of return to Mexico. The Pope has instructed his Congregation on Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs to study and report to him the minimum conditions that the Mexican Government should grant to permit the Church to resume its ministry there. And General Obregon, who is the Government candidate for re-election as successor to President Calles, is reported from Rome to have indicated to Archbishop Ruiz y Flores, of Michoacan, a readiness to reconsider the Mexican laws which most severely hamper the Church.

The Archbishop is in Rome as the emissary of the Mexican bishops in exile, who have been assembled at San Antonio, Texas. The substance of their report, presented by him, is that there never has been a more favorable time than now to settle the difficulties between the Catholic Church and the Mexican Government. The trouble arose out of the feeling among the Mexican officials that the activities of the Catholic clergy were political as well as religious. In consequence of the conflict that developed, the Government issued a decree of July 19, 1926, forbidding priests to exercise religious offices unless registered as citizens. Following this action, a Papal order stopped all sacred offices and the churches have been without masses. Bishop Pascual Diaz, of Tabasco, is now understood to be negotiating for permission to all priests of Mexican origin to return to Mexico. A possibility seems to exist that the Vatican will acquiesce in the exclusion of foreign priests who do not become registered as Mexican citizens.

Church property has been nationalized in Mexico since 1857, and the new Constitution of 1917 reaffirmed and strengthened the provisions disestablishing the Church. Mexican officials have repeatedly declared that they have no quarrel with the Catholic Church as a religious institution, but merely insist that its clergy shall obey the laws which

apply to other religious institutions. They would welcome a settlement which would end the unrest stirred up by the controversy.

Whether or not a solution of the dispute is in sight, it is evident that it will require time and will be a question for the next administration in Mexico.

Carolina Justice

STRANGER crime stories get into the news than into the novels. Consider, for instance, the fate of Ben Bess, Negro, confined in a South Carolina jail for thirteen years. Convicted for assault on a white woman, whose name was long chivalrously kept out of the papers, he was considered lucky narrowly to have escaped lynching. Recently the woman signed an affidavit denying her testimony and asserting her desire to undo the great wrong. So Bess is set free—penniless and helpless.

A startling story! But what reporters call the follow-up story is more startling still. By this it appears that the white woman and her husband were tenants on the Negro's farm, and are described as "ignorant, illiterate, and without principle," associating freely with Bess and his family, while the woman, it is alleged, had "had an affair" with Bess. It is further alleged that the accusations against Bess grew out of the Negro's refusal to renew his white tenants' lease.

"Guilt always doubted" is one of the headlines of the newspaper account. But no one seems to have tried very hard to establish the facts, although a plea to the Governor asserted that "not a lawyer in the court believed the Negro guilty and that a juror said he believed the relationship had been voluntary, but that 'the black scoundrel should serve time for having relations with a white woman.'"

Taxing the Apocrypha

Is the Apocrypha a part of the Bible and therefore not subject to the tariff? Or is it "a work of foreign authorship" which must pay fifteen per cent ad valorem tax?

The latter is the opinion of a United States customs court. An American publisher proposed to import an edition of the Apocrypha, issued as a separate book in England. Every one, we presume, is willing to admit that this strange and interesting collection of legend, prophecy, and teaching is not an American production, and therefore in a sense is "a work of foreign authorship."

Modern Protestant Bibles do not contain the Apocrypha, although we have before us as we write a copy of the Bible

published in 1769 which contains these very books now in dispute. On the other hand, the Roman Catholic Church and some of the Greek and Oriental Churches hold these books to be "inspired and canonical" as declared by the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century, and many thousands of Bibles in the Douai Version are imported duty free despite the fact that they contain the Apocrypha.

One hopes that the discussion will lead a good many people to read these Apocryphal books, not so much for religious instruction and inspiration, as because they are in themselves good story-telling. It is impossible to doubt also that some of the writers told their stories with a distinct sense of humor. Take, for instance, "Bel and the Dragon." This was clipped from the end of the story of Daniel as it originally appeared in the ancient Hebrew writings, and it gives further and lively incidents in the episode of Daniel in the lions' den. "Bel and the Dragon" takes exactly one page in the Apocrypha, and would make a capital "short short story."

The Protest of the Porters

THE delegates to the National political Conventions did not have to make up their own sleeping-car berths. The threatened strike of the Pullman porters has been called off on the advice of the President of the American Federation of Labor, William Green, who urges instead a campaign of public enlightenment.

There was something comic in the idea that the press first gave of this industrial quarrel; it portrayed the typical "Georges" as striking against tips. In fact, what they are trying to get is such an adjustment of wages and tips as will give them fair pay and hours.

There are some 15,000 "Georges," and they say that they average \$132.50 a month (including tips), but pay out \$38 a month for occupational expenses, food, uniforms, and so on. They ask for \$150 a month wages. President Green is quoted as saying that "these people have been pitifully exploited."

An Unwelcome Guest

THE British Government doesn't care for "immigrants" who have escaped hanging on the plea of insanity—not even if the immigrant arrives in the palatial suite of a British liner. Harry Thaw has twice run up against this prejudice—once fifteen years ago when Canada ejected him after he had fled from Matteawan, the other day when English officials refused to let him step on shore from the

Aquitania at Southampton. In vain Thaw declared such treatment amazing, and especially so as applied to a friend of Secretary Mellon's. The stolid officials remarked that the matter was closed. They give the Home Secretary wide powers in England.

Perhaps a suggestion toward improvement in American dealing with the question of murder and insanity may be found in the statement of an English correspondent: "If the murder for which Thaw passed years in a hospital for the insane had been committed in England, he would have been sent to the Broadmoor Criminal Insane Asylum for life. Hence the feeling that he is not wanted here."

Boulder Dam's By-Product

THE Boulder Dam controversy seems to have assured fairly well the return of Hiram Johnson to the Senate from California. In the elections of two and four years ago it was evident that this slightly passé Progressive was losing his grip, especially in the southern part of the State. There has been discontent against Johnson in that section, in fact, ever since he was a chronic and somewhat professionally abused Presidential possibility.

But the Boulder debates have given him a chance to fight for southern California throughout the long session. Though he could not defeat the filibuster of the Arizonans and their allies, he proved to the South's satisfaction that his ancient fighting mettle has not waned. He has scored, in short, not as a National protester against evils, but as a plugging Senator devoted to the sectional interests within his own State, and, while he may have opposition, its present prospects are about ninety-seven per cent lugubrious.

Can't We?

JOHN ERSKINE, novelist, musician, and college professor, has made the interesting observation that we Americans like music, but can't join in the chorus.

"Before we can make progress in musical education in America," he was saying recently, "we must recognize the factors in the situation which constitute our special problem. There is great talent in this country—as great, probably, as anywhere else. There is a great love of music. Audiences everywhere are eager to enjoy the art. In certain parts of the country there are great teachers, especially since the war.

"The difficulty, however, is that the teachers are not in touch with the talent.

Some of the gifted youngsters live in remote parts of the land, and in whole sections of the country there is no adequate provision for music teaching. A problem equally urgent is the lack of contact between talent after it is trained and the audiences waiting to hear it. Both teachers and pupils show a disposition to cling to the large cities of the East and a panicky fear to launch out into those parts of the country which most need them.



Wide World

NO WONDER THEY CALL HER LADY LINDY

Amelia Earhart, the Boston flier, who with Wilmer Stultz and Lou Gordon, is awaiting favorable weather for a transatlantic hop before taking off from Trepassey, Newfoundland

"When we are speaking of the natural aptitude of America for music, we must admit that this is not at present a singing country. It is hard to think of a musical nation which does not employ that most natural of all instruments, the voice. This silence is connected, I suppose, with a certain indifference on our part to melody. Our characteristic contribution to music is rhythm. The voice needs a tune, and we are rather tuneless."

Dr. Erskine thinks that this peculiar state of affairs might be improved if high schools placed music on a par with history, mathematics, and literature.

Spoken Like a Man and a Sailor

THIRTEEN centenarians in England and Scotland were offered a chance to have an operation performed by Dr. Serge Voronoff which he promised would give them forty more years to live.

Ten of the thirteen promptly decided that they had lived long enough and that they were looking forward to the long sleep. One man expressed a willingness to live if he could have good grub and a contented mind. One woman said she would be willing to go on with life if she "were not a nuisance to any one."

The only man who manifested enthusiasm for a prolonged existence was a seaman, 102 years of age.

"Lordy, lordy, what a queer idea! I wouldn't mind so long as I was made really strong again. I remember when steamships were things to be laughed at and there were slaves on the seas. I would like to be back in the old Excelsior."

Spoken like a man and a sailor! If Voronoff fails him, may he at least find awaiting him on the shores of the Styx the shadowy bulk of the old Excelsior.

Shaw Forever

INTO a sober English discussion of "Where are the dead?" came George Bernard Shaw, words flying, wit sparkling.

"What I propose," proposed Mr. Shaw, "is that your next few contributors shall discuss, not whether we are immortal, or whether the soul is immortal, or whether the dead are still seeking lodgings in infinite space, but whether I, Bernard Shaw, am going to persist to all eternity in a universe utterly unable to get rid of me, no matter how desperately tired it may become of the Shavianism, or how intolerably bored I may be myself.

"Can there never be enough of me? Never too much of me? Also am I myself to have no say in the matter? Am I or am I not to be allowed to hand myself back to my Creator and say, 'Will you be so kind as to pulp this worn-out article and remanufacture it, if possible, without any of the glaring defects which have made it so troublesome to myself and others?'"

He asks readers to try to picture an eternity with "millions upon millions of

Shaw plays, billions upon billions of letters to the press, intensely irritating to many worthy citizens," an eternity of Chesterton "bombinating forever and ever, world without end," and "Wells and Belloc in semi-paternal controversy."

"Let no controversialist try to evade the point by assuring me that I shall survive, not by myself, but as the just man made perfect. He might as well tell me the chariot of Pharaoh survives in the Rolls-Royce. When I use the word 'I' as I frequently do, I mean myself with all my imperfections, if any, on my head.

"I mean the celebrated G. B. S. almost unbearably individualized, with his consciousness and his memories, his tricks and his manners, complete and exact in his G. B. essence. Otherwise the controversy is about nothing."

The English call it an excellent piece of clowning; Shavians will say that it contains the master's soberest reflections on death and the hereafter.

Fevers to Order

A LARGE proportion of the most precious advances in science have been hit upon wholly by accident. Of this kind of discovery, radioactivity is perhaps the most striking example, because the whole of the new physics of the atom, totally recasting our conception of matter and the universe, came as a result of this single find.

Equally unexpected has been a peculiar discovery of the same accidental type, made not long ago in the research laboratories of the General Electric Company. It was observed that those who worked experimentally with short radio waves approximating six meters in length felt ill and ran a temperature. The coincidence was too high to permit any interpretation other than the existence of some mysterious connection between the two—the ether waves and the fever. The men's temperature invariably rose quite shortly after proximity to the apparatus; it subsided upon removal. To trace the connection did not take long. It was found that a dilute solution of salt and water comparable in this respect to the salt percentage in the blood was equally well heated by the waves—the solution was given an artificial fever.

Others, notably Professor W. T. Richards and Mr. Alfred T. Loomis, Director of the Loomis Bio-physical Laboratory at Tuxedo, New York, have gone further with the research. They appear to have found a tentative appli-

cation for it. To cure certain types of paresis it has been customary to inoculate with malaria germs. These cause fever; the high temperature of the fever kills the temperature-sensitive paresis germs; then an effort is made to cure the malaria. In the short-wave radiation it is hoped that a germless substitute for the malaria has been found. The oddest thing is that the radio waves used in the original experiments happened to coincide with the one wave-length which appears to have a marked selectivity for the human blood composition.

The Zest to Persecute

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER finished a six-day all-water diet, left the hospital, mounted the rostrum at Morningside Heights, and told the departing seniors:

"... it appears that liberalism is a hard lesson to learn. Liberty as a personal possession may be highly acclaimed, while liberty for the protection of all men may, at the same moment be violently, even passionately attacked. Much more than we realize, the various outbreaks, legal or other, which aim at uniformities or conformities, at compulsions and prohibitions, rest upon the lingering zest to persecute. Other reasons and other excuses, quasi-moral or quasi-religious, may be offered, but the real reason is the determination on the part of organized groups to compel their fellow-countrymen to act, and, if possible, to speak and to think, in accordance

with their own particular practices and preferences.

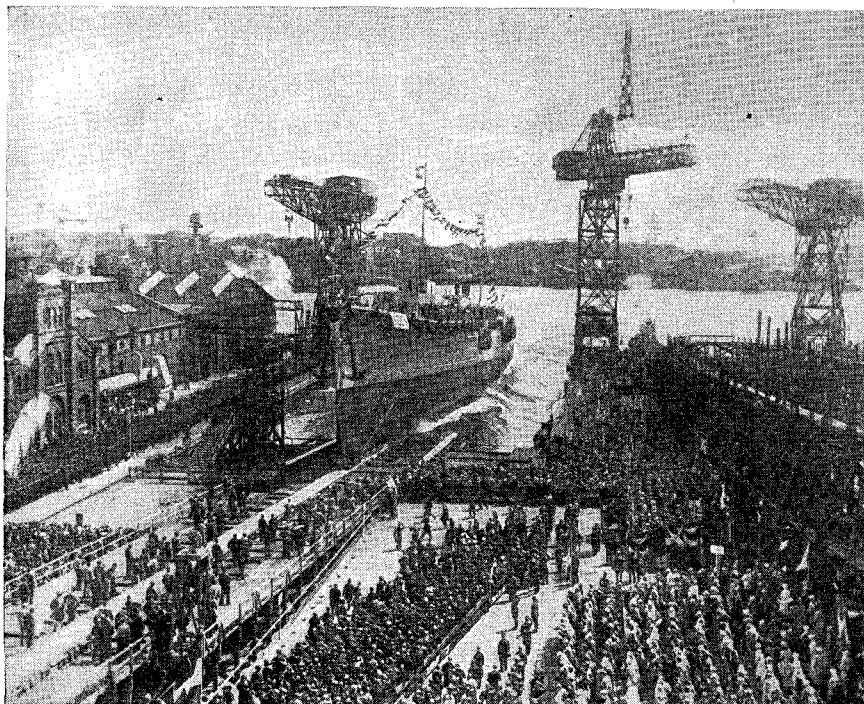
"It would be an interesting bit of scientific inquiry to ascertain whether that hypocrisy which is just now so widespread is an act, an achievement, or a habit. Perhaps some experimentation would be needed to settle those questions, but it would be well worth undertaking. A crusade on behalf of temperance which begins by making temperance a crime is, to say the least, a puzzling phenomenon."

The President of Columbia speaks his mind very regularly these days; perhaps in time some of our inarticulate candidates for public office will catch the contagion.

Justice Outspeeds the Law

FIVE women claimed that they had been poisoned by radium paint in the course of their work for the United States Radium Corporation of New Jersey. They sued for damages, but the crowded condition of the court calendar and the obstructionist policy of the Radium Corporation made it seem probable that any settlement they could obtain might be a post-mortem one.

Acting outside his judicial capacity, Judge William Clark, of Newark, New Jersey, a Federal District judge, volunteered as a mediator, and brought the attorneys for the Radium Corporation and the five women together. At his instigation, the radium company agreed to



Wide World

THE LATEST ADDITION TO GERMANY'S NAVY

The Koeln, named for a war-time cruiser, being launched at Wilhelmshaven

ive each of the women \$10,000 in cash fee and clear, and to pay them a \$600 year pension as long as they live. The Corporation also agreed to pay for all past medical treatment and for all future medical treatment. The Corporation also settled the fees of their lawyer.

Judge Clark is to be congratulated on his service, not only to the women, but to the public as well. Such settlements out of court greatly enhance the reputation of the legal profession by serving notice that justice can get the right of way over the slow progress of ordinary legal procedure.

As the news of this settlement was announced the fact was also made public that Dr. von Sochocky, formerly an official of the United States Radium Corporation and the chemist who evolved the luminous paint which poisoned the five women, was himself a victim of radium necrosis.

Dr. von Sochocky has continued to work with radium, even though the exposure means grave additional risk. It is said that he finds some relief from the disease that afflicts him by occasional sojourns at high altitudes.

The Locusts Are Here

THE seventeen-year locusts are above ground. They are every year—somewhere. It seems odd to many people that the newspapers can provide a crop of seventeen-year insects practically every year, but here the newspapers are about right. The secret of the paradox is this: though the locusts require seventeen years for their life cycle, there is a different brood for every year, and each brood has its own bailiwick.

Entomologists have the seventeen broods all numbered by classes, like French boys coming up annually for their period of army service. This year's class is Brood II, occupying a thickly populated section in the East.

To complicate the situation, there is also a thirteen-year locust. Queerly enough, there are thirteen broods of the thirteen-year tribe, as there are seventeen broods of the seventeen-year tribe. These broods, too, are numbered.

Why some broods should have a seventeen-year and some a thirteen-year cycle, entomologists have not clearly determined. Most of the seventeen-year broods occupy Northern territory and most of the thirteen-year broods Southern territory. But the two largest broods, one of each tribe, overlap throughout a wide area. It was the coincidence of the emergence of these two broods—a thing which can occur only

once in several centuries—that brought the devastating locust hordes to the mid-section of the United States in the seventies. Tales of that year's destruction are partially responsible for the fear with which the insect is regarded. In an ordinary emergence periodical cicadas (the real name of this insect) do little permanent damage.

There are those who insist that seventeen-year locusts appear at the same place every year. This is due to a confusion of the periodical cicada with the *Cicada tibicen*, or harvest fly. It is this

latter cicada, a larger and more showy insect than the seventeen-year and thirteen-year kinds, which we all know for its reaping song in midsummer. *Tibicen* has a two-year life cycle, while the periodical kind really has a cycle of seventeen or thirteen years.

The periodical cicada spends all but about five weeks of its life under ground. For something more than sixteen years it sucks its food from roots. Then it goes into the cocoon stage, and the next May or June emerges as an adult fly, mating and laying eggs before it dies.

Windows on the World

By Malcolm W. Davis

NO longer is Peking to be the capital of China. The Nationalists, who set out on their campaign from Canton in the far south two years ago and have ended by occupying the historic city of the Emperors in the north, have decided that. They plan to reorganize North China, with a provincial capital at Tientsin, as one of several regional government areas to be federated under the central administration in the older capital at Nanking. So the stronghold of the Mongols and the Manchus follows the fate of the imperial city of the Russian Czars, that was St. Petersburg and is now Leningrad; and just as the Russian revolutionists transferred their Government to an earlier seat of power in Moscow, the Chinese victors reject the capital of the war lords to make their base in a more central location from which it is easier to keep in touch with the whole country.

Peking, temporarily, is to continue to serve as the home of the foreign legations, with a Commissioner for Foreign Affairs in residence. Later, it may very probably become a sort of historical show-place for sightseers, with guides leading tourists through the marble-paved courtyards and red-walled, orange-tiled palaces of the once Forbidden City.

Already regional organizations are set up and functioning in Canton, in Wuhan on the Yangtze, and in Kaifeng in Honan Province. And the Nanking leaders appear to hope for a similar arrangement in Manchuria, now that their chief adversary, the former dictator, Chang Tso-lin, is defeated and discredited. Chang's train was bombed as he returned to his Manchurian capital at Mukden, and he suffered severe injuries. There has been great uncertainty about

his life, with conflicting rumors both of his death and his recovery. In any event, the collapse of his power has eliminated him; and the only question is whether the Nationalists will have to deal with his son or his Chief of Staff as the next more or less strong man in Manchuria.

NOT ONLY a troublesome Central American controversy, but also the relations of the United States generally with Latin America should be favorably affected by the proposal of Secretary Kellogg in the long-standing boundary dispute between Guatemala and Honduras. He has sent notes to the Governments of both countries urging a settlement by arbitration. And, what is of equal importance, he has suggested—not the good offices of the United States—a decision by the International Central American Tribunal. This panel of judges, provided by the Central American Convention of 1923, is similar to the tribunal which the Hague Convention set up to afford a permanent arbitration agency.

The reasons for the deadlock between Guatemala and Honduras have been examined by Roy T. Davis, Minister from the United States to Costa Rica and neutral member of the Mixed Boundary Commission. One representative each for Guatemala and Honduras made up the Commission, which tried unsuccessfully to draw a provisional boundary line. The question became an active issue in the Presidential campaign in Honduras. The other two Commissioners then asked Mr. Davis to draw the boundary line. He came to Washington to advise with the Department of State, and the notes recommending arbi-

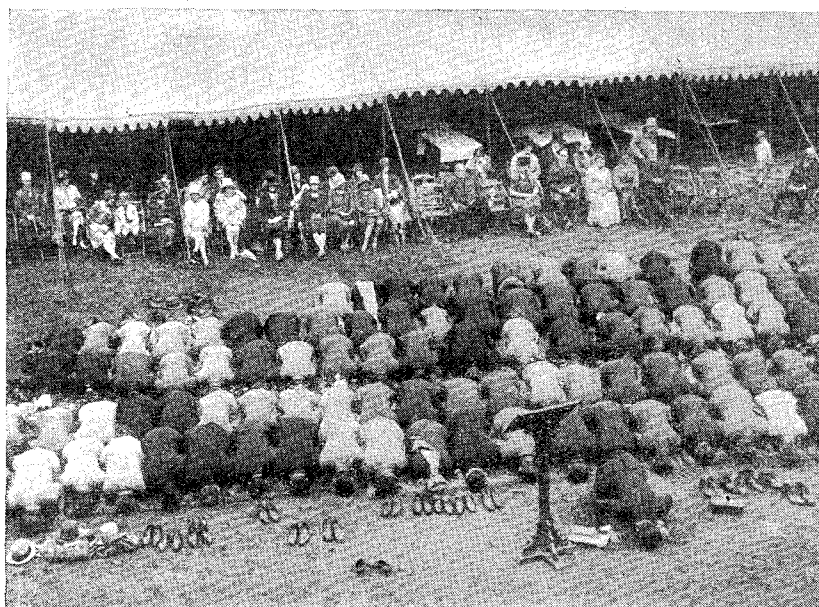
tration followed. It is a statesmanlike treatment of a situation that, handled otherwise, might easily have involved the United States in another Central American quarrel.

YOUTH on a rampage in Belgrade has shown just how hot is the suppressed feeling in Yugoslavia against Italy. The trouble started over the question of ratification of a group of treaties with Italy, concluded three years ago, dealing with commercial and property rights. Particularly it concerned a provision to allow foreigners—that is to say, Italians—to hold land up to within thirty miles of the frontier.

Urged by the Fascists, the Yugoslav Government promulgated the land law in February, as an interim measure, and proceeded with plans for ratification. The result has been riots led by students in Belgrade and elsewhere, in which Italian consulates have been attacked, portraits of Mussolini burned, and Italian flags torn down. The demonstrators have demanded the resignation of the Government, and the Government forces have responded by dispersing them with volleys and bayonets, charging their barricades and killing one and wounding others. The loose dynamite in the situation in southeastern Europe has been disclosed also in sympathetic demonstrations against Italy by students in Germany and Austria. And in Italy there have been outbreaks against the Austrians and Yugoslavs.

The Yugoslav Government has tendered expressions of its regret and complied with demands from Italy for restitution of damages and punishment of offenders. Neither Government desires any break. But the feelings involved are deep-seated, running back beyond the Italian seizure of Fiume and the peace settlement to the World War and Italian aspirations to command the Dalmatian coast that Yugoslavia now holds. This storm has blown over without serious harm, but the air is still sultry.

POINCARÉ was characteristically circumspect in his declaration of policy to Parliament, after his triumph in the French elections, regarding a restoration of the gold standard for the currency. He contented himself with a reaffirmation of the desirability, to which every one agrees, of a return to the gold basis, and warnings of the probable higher cost of living and the adjustments in the nation's economic life that must follow stabilization of the franc. He gave no hint of the level at which he might propose to set its value. Rumors



Wide World

KEEPING THE FAITH IN A STRANGE LAND

Hundreds of English Moslems gathered at the Woking Mosque in London to celebrate the festival of Eid ul Azha

have had it that the intention of the Government is to make the rate five paper francs to one gold franc—which would be equivalent to fixing the depreciated worth of the inflated paper currency at one-fifth of the value at parity before the war. But they got no confirmation from the canny "Square-Fist." He kept his hands free to act when and as he thinks it advantageous.

DEFIANCE, downright and forthright, was the answer of Premier Voldemaras of Lithuania to the arguments of the Council of the League of Nations that he should establish peaceful relations with Poland. The occasion was the passage of the new Lithuanian Constitution declaring that the capital is the city of Vilna which Poland annexed and holds. Marshal Pilsudski, dictator of Poland, does not admit that contention; in fact, he is hardly inclined to discuss it.

Last December, when hostilities between Poland and Lithuania seemed imminent, the League Council called Pilsudski and Voldemaras before it and got them to promise to go home and try to patch up matters peaceably. They went home; but peace negotiations did not progress much beyond arrangements about meetings. Then the Lithuanian Constitution plastered the issue on a billboard for all the world to read again.

Both Sir Austen Chamberlain, of Great Britain, and Paul Boncour, of France, spoke regretfully and severely to M. Voldemaras. His response was a refusal to do anything. The result was a postponement of the discussion until the next session of the Council at the time

when the full Assembly of the League meets in September. A lot, one way or the other, can happen before then.

The Council disposed in equally convenient fashion of the notorious case of the smuggling of machine guns from Italy into Hungary in violation of the peace treaties. Apparently the judgment was that Hungary was technical at fault, but not guilty of an intent to break the peace. The spokesmen of the Powers spoke sternly to the Hungarian representative, General Tanczos, as he had to M. Voldemaras. A resolution of the Council admonished Hungary not to let anything of the sort happen again. General Tanczos looked undismayed which is not difficult for a man wearing a monocle.

Similarly, the Council washed its hands of the dispute between Hungary and Rumania, on its agenda for five years, concerning Hungarian lands in Transylvania sequestered by Rumania. The League resolution told the contestants to settle the quarrel themselves.

Viscount Grey, the former British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said recently in London that Secretary Kellogg's plan for a general treaty renouncing war will be a great reinforcement to the League. And Eduard Benes, the astute Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia and organizer of the "Little Entente" of his nation with Rumania and Yugoslavia, is reported to view Mr. Kellogg's proposal in the same way and desire its adoption by the eastern European and Balkan nations. If matters run on in the same way at Geneva, the League and Europe at large will need

A New Dred Scott Decision

THE Supreme Court of the United States has delivered the severest blow ever dealt prohibition.

It is not too much to say that the decision in the wire-tapping case will probably become the Dred Scott decision of prohibition.

This astounding decision might have come in a counterfeit case, a tax-dodging case, any one of a score of kinds of cases. But it did actually come in a prohibition enforcement case, and many will believe that it could not have come in any other way. The popular mind is not adjusted to sift out its abstract significance, but will regard it as an infringement of liberty growing out of prohibition.

The case is this:

Some men in the State of Washington were suspected, justly enough, of conspiracy to carry on large-scale bootlegging operations. Prohibition agents tapped the wires of the telephones leading into these men's homes and, by listening in, secured conclusive evidence of the conspiracy.

Wire-tapping is, and was at the time, a crime under the laws of the State of Washington. None the less, the evidence thus obtained was admitted by the trial court. Convictions were obtained. The defendants appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States on the ground that wire-tapping is in violation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, one of the articles of our Bill of Rights. That article provides that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated."

Five of the nine Justices of the Supreme Court held that the right of privacy, within the meaning of the Fourth Amendment, was not violated by the prohibition agents. The remaining four Justices dissented, three of them in remarkably vigorous and even scathing written opinions. But the opinion of the five has all the legal weight, that of the four no weight whatever—except in the scales of public opinion.

Chief Justice Taft, writing the majority opinion, held that a man's telephone is no part of his house or of his effects, that the guaranty of the Constitution cannot be made to cover "wires extending to the whole world"—in effect, that the means of communication by which, in large measure, the confidential affairs of human beings are conducted is a voice in the air. Letters, physical things with which the framers of the Amendment were familiar, he held protected, but not the intangible though more intimate telephone conversation.

Concurring with the Chief Justice were Justices Van Devanter, Sutherland, McReynolds, and Sanford. Dissenting were Justices Holmes, Brandeis, Butler, and Stone. All of the dissenters except the last named wrote opinions.

Justice Butler, writing calmly, said that the Fourth Amendment "safeguards against all evils that are like and equivalent to those embraced in the ordinary meaning of the words." Justice Brandeis, writing apparently under a sense of indignation, said that, "as a means of espionage, writs of assistance and general warrants are but puny instruments of tyranny and oppression when compared with wire-tapping." He said much more in like tenor. Justice Holmes, in language even more vigorous, if possible, agreed with what Justice Brandeis had written. He called wire-tapping "dirty business." He called attention to the fact that the United States violating

the laws of a State in an effort to uphold its own is a sorry figure.

"It invites to anarchy."

There is the most significant and most alarming phrase in the dissenting opinions, the most appalling fact in the situation created by this decision.

Yet the opinion of these four dissenting Justices is of no effect. Wire-tapping, even when in violation of law, yields evidence declared competent by the highest court in our land.

In only one way, apparently, may we be rid of such snooping. Congress, Chief Justice Taft pointed out, may pass a law making such evidence incompetent.

Until Congress does pass such a law, if ever it does, we must weather the devastating effects of a decision that outrages a people's sense of a security which they thought they had under their Constitution.

Platforms and Realities

PARTY platforms in the United States rarely recognize real issues.

We have never had a political party that could not straddle a river or a range of mountains with all ease. Whigs and Democrats alike straddled slavery through several campaigns. The Whig Party by 1856 had thus split itself to splinters, but the Democratic Party was as determined as ever not to recognize the issue.

The Democratic platform of 1856 declared slavery not an issue and that "the Democratic Party will resist all attempts at renewing, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made."

The Republican Party was born that year—born, it is almost universally believed, of the slavery issue. Yet the Republican platform builders of 1856 contented themselves with resolving "that it is both the right and the imperative duty of Congress to prohibit in the Territories those twin relics of barbarism, polygamy and slavery," and with saying some things about abuses in enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law.

In the Conventions of 1860, less than a year before the breaking out of the Civil War, the Democratic platform had no more to say of slavery than that enactments of State Legislatures to defeat enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law were subversive of the Constitution, and the Republican platform had little more to say of slavery than that the Territories had the right to enter the Union as free States and that the law against traffic in slaves should be enforced.

Thus, in the very year when abolition of slavery was the sole substantial issue before the American people, neither platform had one clear and direct word to say about it.

Over the platforms of both parties since 1860 one must ply a magnet in order to pick out any filings of the real issues.

We may, of course, expect more from the Democratic and Republican Parties this year than we ever received from them. Human beings always expect more than they get. But we should not be surprised if the party voices are as far behind the real issues as the whine of a cannon ball is behind the projectile.

Ballyhoo at Kansas City

By HENRY F. PRINGLE



THE visitor who is being escorted on a tour of Kansas City may chance to rest, for a moment, on a promontory high above the dirty railroad yards. Out beyond, the yellow Missouri flows lazily eastward, with never a boat to shake its stupor and with old levees and wharfs fast crumbling into dust. Farther still, if he turns ever so slightly, he can gaze on the very place where the West begins.

Hardly more than a hundred years ago men started out in covered wagons to deepen the first faint wheel-ruts that marked the Santa Fé Trail. They fought and died or they lived and bred families; and when they lived their children sometimes retraced their steps to increase the population of the town that was first called Westport Landing, then the City of Kansas, and, later still, Kansas City, in the new State of Missouri. They mingled with others who had come from

the East, and soon, in the growing inland metropolis, service clubs were being started, chambers of commerce organized, and lo!—in no time at all, as time goes, they were ready for a National Convention.

In the year 1928 Kansas City can hardly be a quiet place at any time. But with a National Convention getting into full swing the confusion and the noise are almost indescribable. Street cars battle and bang across intersecting tracks. Traffic policemen swear at unsuspecting visitors who are not aware that jay-walking is forbidden by law. The streets are jammed with automobiles, all of them sounding their raucous horns, impatient at traffic snarls.

All of the leading hotels, and many of the clubs, are located within a comparatively small area. Delegates, resplendent with their badges, stroll about importantly. Local citizens—"Kansas City-

ans," as they are called in the newspapers—are on hand to see the excitement. Members of the Convention Committee wearing buttons announcing, "Ask Me I Live Here," are stationed at strategic points. Hawkers are peddling souvenirs: official programs, G. O. P. emblems, and are making the air hideous with their yells. Newsboys are screaming extras and every one rushes to see whether Calvin Coolidge, the Mysterious Man at Washington, has announced anything or whether Andrew Mellon has arrived in town with his enigmatic Pennsylvania delegation. Blare, noise, jostling, crowds and confusion—such are the externals of a gathering National Convention.

A calliope rushes through the street calling attention to the fact that an obscure dark horse is to speak that night. An extraordinary mounted band, riding pinto ponies and dressed in cowboy costumes, parades by in the van of an arriving delegation.

IT was not until Saturday and Sunday, though, that Kansas City began to take on all the aspects of a convention city. By then the delegations were beginning to arrive. All of the important leaders had come. The Convention Hall was ready and the ballyhoo was in full swing. It would be a captious critic, and certainly an unfair one, who would intimate that the committees in charge of the Convention arrangements had failed in their task. Their most astonishing achievement, perhaps, was the weather in Kansas City in June, despite reassuring statistics of the Weather Bureau, likely to be suffocatingly hot. But during the three or four days before the Convention assembled the air was cool and clear and there was a delightful breeze. Banners that hung from ever-lamp-post snapped and tore. Bunting and flags on all the buildings added to the air of gayety. The delegates who had purchased light-weight tropical suits found it rather chilly at night, and it was necessary, remarkable as this may seem, to use blankets.

Nor was there, at least as far as could be seen, the usual orgy of profiteering on the part of the hotels, restaurants and merchants. Only in the case of

rooms were the rates unusually high, and this may have been due to irritation on the part of the hotel-keepers over a demand that they refuse to accommodate any guests except those in town for the Convention. If this were so, they successfully assuaged their wrath by doubling and tripling the prices. One newspaper correspondent, paying \$8 a day for a room hardly worth \$3.50, attempted to turn on the electric fan in his room, and found that it did not work. Complaining to the clerk at the desk, he was informed that it was a nickel-in-the-slot machine and that a coin would give him a breeze. Such incidents were, however, the exception.

While the social leaders of Kansas City entertained the distinguished guests, the committees took care of those who were less well known. There were golf tournaments, concerts, dinners, and automobile rides. Determined efforts were made to see that every one had a delightful time.

Undoubtedly, in the past there have been National Conventions where sincere men gathered to name the leader of a cause. Then there may well have been real enthusiasm. Men may have sung campaign songs from their hearts, have cheered, and have burned red fire in the exuberance of victory. But if this is to be true of the Republican Convention of 1928, there was no sign of it on the eve of the first session.

Let us look, for a moment, at the scene in the lobby of the Hotel Muehlebach, the largest hotel in Kansas City, and therefore the scene of greatest activity.

It is Sunday night, and the first session is less than thirty-six hours away. The lobby is identical with that in any first-class hotel. A man standing in it could not tell, to save his life, whether he was in St. Louis or Buffalo or Detroit. There is the usual lounge in the center, the coffee-room off one corridor, the dining-room off another. The place is swarming with men and women. They are delegates and their wives, hangers-on, ward politicians, telegraph messengers, committeemen. They are milling around without visible enthusiasm, are shaking hands, are talking, are asking whether "Coolidge is going to say anything," whether "Hoover can be stopped." They know little or nothing of what is going on. In front of the lobby, toward the desk, a bellboy with a megaphone bellows constantly, "Call for Governor this—call for Senator that—Mr. So-and-So on the telephone, please." Wives who have come with

their husbands attempt, without great success, to hide the fact that they are exceedingly tired and exceedingly bored. A brass band, hired by some candidate seeking good will, takes up a position in the lobby and begins to blare out martial music. This brings a measure of relief. A few men whistle. One or two beat time with their feet.

Forced optimism, forced defiance, forced enthusiasm—such usually make up the keynote of the crowd gathering for a political Convention. This year, at Kansas City, there has been very little real enthusiasm of any kind—even among the Hoover adherents. And Hoover has at least ten devoted followers to every one in the camp of the other aspirants for the nomination.

FOR three days before the Convention was called to order the scene in the Muehlebach lobby was very much the same: Lonely Negro members of Southern delegations attempting to appear important and feeling very disconsolate; a man from an Iowa farm wearing a hayseed farmer's hat and a badge urging "Equality for the Farmer;" an English novelist, sent as a "trained seal" by a newspaper syndicate to record his impressions and trying to find some one who will explain it all to him; the newspaper correspondents, rather blasé and very self-assured, twirling their canes and interviewing one another for the morning's paper; a huge fat man in a crumpled white pongee suit wearing a badge, "We Want a Real Republican," and handing out Lowden or Curtis or Watson cigars; Lafayette B. Gleason, New York Republican veteran, who wears a different color eyeglass ribbon for each suit in his extensive wardrobe; Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, slender, gray-haired, calm, and efficient, acting as spokesman for the anti-Hoover forces; members of the National Woman's Party, seated at a small table, with placards announcing their demand for a Federal Amendment abolishing all legislation discriminating against women; Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, on hand, with a hopeless mission, to ask that the G. O. P. face the prohibition issue; two strange gentlemen, one looking like a Jew from the lower East Side of New York, working for Curtis, of Kansas; a tottering veteran of the G. A. R., last relic of a clan once powerful at National Conventions; a Vice-Presidential dark horse jovially telling a newspaper correspondent that he comes "from a doubtful State" and is therefore qualified, beyond all other

men, to receive the nomination; an attractive girl reporter approaching a dignified lady in white and asking her if she is the National Committeewoman from California; the lady in white looking with disgust at the girl reporter and replying, "My dear young lady, have you seen the National Committeewoman from California?"

There is certainly nothing inspiring about any of this. Nor is the scene greatly different at the various headquarters. Those of Hoover, Lowden, and Curtis are at the Hotel Baltimore, just across the street. The Hoover headquarters, as is proper for the man who is the leading candidate and who has spent the most money for the nomination, is the largest. It swarms with Hoover people, some of them honest, sincere followers who worked with the Secretary of Commerce in Belgium or the Near East and who see in his integrity, intelligence, and ability the hope of a new era at Washington. Others are practical, cynical, hard-boiled politicians. For Hoover, regarded by the Nation as a man without interest in politics, has gathered around him for this campaign a number of men who received their training in the coldly selfish school of partisan politics, who advanced to high places because they realized that political preferment usually comes through compromise with honor. The Hoover headquarters at the 1928 Convention is not greatly different from those of any of the other candidates—except that it is more efficient, is better organized, and is permeated, as the Convention assembles, with an air of optimism. All Presidential candidates and their managers pretend optimism, of course.

"Hoover is stopped, definitely and finally stopped," said Mrs. McCormick on Friday or Saturday. "If I had any doubts of it before, I have none now."

"I am for myself, first and last," boomed Senator Guy D. Goff, of West Virginia, one of the most ebony of the dark horses, who defeated Hoover in his State's primary, "I am here to be nominated."

"We think Curtis will be the compromise candidate," said a spokesman for the Kansas candidate.

"We have twenty votes in Ohio which will be cast for Watson, Lowden, or Curtis," said a Watson spellbinder, "but which will never be cast for Herbert Hoover from the beginning to the end of the Convention."

Two movements center around the Lowden headquarters. Here is welcomed the farmer boiling with wrath

over the defeat of the McNary-Haugen Bill. He is assured that if Lowden is nominated the farmer will be given his rights. He is handed a yellow ribbon demanding "equality for the farmer" and another ribbon, a patriotic one done in red, white, and blue, stating that "we want a real American." This, of course, is a dig at Hoover, whose residence in England and other countries is a chief talking point of the anti-Hoover forces.

The other movement at the Lowden



Senator Goff, of West Virginia

stronghold is the alliance to defeat Hoover. Mrs. McCormick, candidate for Congresswoman-at-Large from Illinois and always referred to as "that wonderful woman," talks with the correspondents and predicts, as I have indicated, the certainty of victory. The actual strategy, such as it is, is being managed by Louis L. Emerson, a serious gentleman with large ears who defeated "Big Bill" Thompson in the recent Illinois fight, and who is the Republican candidate for Governor of that State.

BEHIND the barrage of confident statements from the anti-Hoover forces

it became apparent, as the Convention drew near, that they had no definite plans and that they did not, actually, know whether Hoover could be stopped or not. They were waiting, prayerfully, for the arrival of Secretary Mellon in the hope that the aged statesman and financial senior would, in the end, throw his influence against the Secretary of Commerce. They were waiting, too, for the New York delegation, convinced that hope might lie in that direction.

The "beat Hoover" alliance was waiting chiefly, of course, for the arrival of the "farm caravan," outwardly predicting that at least 100,000 farmers would be at the gates of Kansas City by Saturday or Sunday morning, angry farmers armed with rakes and pitchforks and breathing wrath and defiance. The coalition began to be shaken by doubts when, on Sunday evening, the caravan had failed to materialize. Elaborate preparations had been made for their reception. An entire building in the heart of the city had been rented, and it was announced that when hotel and boarding-houses could no longer accommodate the multitude cots would be placed on the three floors of the structure. On Sunday night, however, only two or three men lounged on the first floor of the building, no farmers had yet appeared, and gloom was everywhere. They may still come, of course, and it is possible that they will strike terror into the hearts of all who opposed the McNary-Haugen Bill or who, because of loyalty to the Coolidge Administration, did not protest against its veto.

Meanwhile, however, United States Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, has been quietly at work, in some remote and guarded hotel room, drafting the platform. This will declare once again the firm determination of the Republican Party to assist the farmer. It will so declare in very general terms, and the farmer will again turn to an agency other than political parties in his search for relief.

It was on Friday night that the first signs of old-fashioned political activity developed. Handbills were distributed early in the evening calling attention to a mass-meeting to be held that night in one of the hotels. The speaker of the evening, it was set forth, would be Colonel Ralph D. Cole, delegate from the Eighth Ohio Congressional District and "Ohio's eloquent orator." The evening would be, it was promised, "an intellectual treat of oratory." A large crowd assembled for this intellectual orgy and listened to Colonel Cole, who was a

worker for the late Senator Willis in Ohio, launch a fiery attack against Herbert Hoover. He spoke with horror of the fact that in 1920 Mr. Hoover had considered accepting the Democratic nomination for President, that he had favored the League of Nations, that he had not voted until he was forty-five years old, that in 1918 he called for



Ex-Governor Lowden, of Illinois

the election of a Democratic Congress pledged to the principles of Woodrow Wilson, that he had betrayed the farmer by fixing the price of wheat during the war.

"We challenge," shouted Colonel Cole while his audience pounded their delight, "the Republicanism of Herbert Hoover. He claims to be a Republican, but his record belies his word. . . . The American people will never select for their President a man who voluntarily left his native land at the age of twenty-three and never returned until he was forty-five. For twenty years Herbert Hoover lived at Red House, London. The man who

lived that length of time at "Red House" will never live four years at "White House," Washington. Better an Americanized alien than an alienized American for President of the United States."

The Hoover adherents could not permit so enthusiastic and boisterous a rally to go unchallenged, and the next night, at one of the local assembly halls, a mass-meeting for the leading candidate was held. A brass band led a little procession of Hoover men from the hotel to the meeting, which was attended by four or five hundred people. The feature of the evening, aside from frequent predic-

vent. It was not until a young man from Florida, a member of the delegation from that State, had insisted, that the applause was prolonged, and the speaker was wildly cheered when, just before concluding, he said: "Herbert Hoover is the greatest humanitarian since Jesus Christ."

BUT as this appreciation of the 1928 Republican Convention is being written the real ballyhoo is still to begin. The party orators who will place the names of the G. O. P. great in nomination have polished and repolished their documents. The keynote speaker, the Honorable Simeon D. Fess, United States Senator from Ohio and an ardent dry, is getting ready to compare, once again, President Coolidge to Abraham Lincoln. It would be crude for Mr. Fess to say anything regarding the Ohio gang, and he will doubtless be silent regarding those gentlemen; regarding the eminent Will Hays, whose face is sadly absent these days; regarding the little green house on K Street; regarding Messrs. Sinclair, Doheny, and the rest.

But I grow prophetic and I am obviously out of order, for by the time this article is in the hands of the reader it is likely that the Republican ballyhoo of 1928 will be over, the Republican leader will have been named, and the attention of the Nation will be turning southward to Texas, where, on June 26, the curtain of another spectacle will have been rung up.

Kansas City has her Convention, the second since 1900, when the Democrats convened in the same hall and nominated the silver-tongued Bryan. Her boosters are happy as the show begins. One wonders a little whether they will be as joyful when it all is over and only the bills remain to be paid. It must be costing a good deal of money—far more than the \$150,000 pledged to the National Committee at the meeting in December. It has meant long hours of arduous, tiresome, exacting work on the part of a large committee of distinguished citizens, men whose time is worth a good deal of money.

Cities gripped by booster enthusiasms always vastly overestimate the crowds that will attend their affairs. It was freely predicted that from 75,000 to 100,000 people would be present in Kansas City for the five days of the Convention; actually, reservations for hardly 10,000 have been made through the official housing committee. It is mere guesswork to predict the number of peo-

ple who may come into town to see the sights; but it is hardly probable that there will be more than ten or fifteen thousand each day.

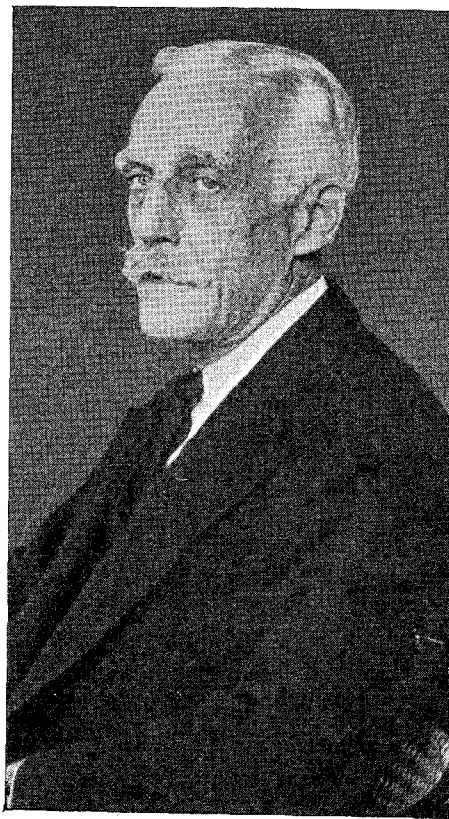
Nor is every one entirely happy regarding the arrangements. Only 750 of the several thousand loyal Kansas Cityans who contributed to the expenses will receive tickets, for the hall is a good deal smaller than in some other cities where National Conventions have been held. What will Kansas City get out of it all? Publicity, advertising, world renown? The boosters assure themselves that they will be repaid many times over. "You



Keystone

William M. Butler, Chairman of the Republican National Committee

tions that Hoover would certainly carry both Alabama and Florida in November, was the appearance of Sandy Sinclair, a local song leader. Mr. Sinclair, an energetic little man who might have learned his art in the dear, dead days when the American Army was taught to sing by Y. M. C. A. secretaries, offered a number of specially composed Hoover songs. One of these, to the tune of "Boola Boola," the Yale melody, ran: "Sing for Hoover, boost for Hoover, shout for Hoover, yell for Hoover, don't forsake him, nominate him, and be happy all your life." Despite frantic efforts on the part of Mr. Sinclair, the singing and cheering were less than fer-



(C) Harris & Ewing

Secretary Andrew Mellon, head of the Pennsylvania delegation

see," one of them told me, with great confidence, "it's a chance for K. C. to put all her goods in the window and have every important man in the country look at them. I don't mean only the politicians—I mean the big industrialists and business men. Each one of them has an oar in this thing somewhere. He's got something he wants from the party, and he'll be on hand. Didn't you see that General W. W. Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania, was on his way here? It's fellows like that, who'll always be found at a Republican Convention, who count."

And perhaps, in view of recent events in the G. O. P., he was right.

The G. O. P. Lines Up

ABAND was blaring in the lobby of the Muehlebach. Behind the bass horn I met a Democratic friend.

"What hotel are you staying at?" I shouted in his ear.

"The President," he yelled in reply. "Don't you think they had better change its name to Hoover?"

THIRTY-SIX hours before the Convention opens and four or five days before the balloting begins that is the way it looks. I am not predicting something that will be known by the time this is read; I am simply reporting the appearance of things before some of the most important delegations arrive. And what gives the appearance of success to the Hoover boom is the fear of him that is the only thing his opponents have in common.

But even in that fear of him they are not all at one. They fear him for different reasons. Some of them prefer to fear him on the ground that, if nominated, he could not carry several normally Republican agricultural States. How genuine this fear is I cannot be sure. Dissatisfaction with President Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill is widespread and genuine enough, and it extends to Hoover because he is known to share the President's feeling about the main feature of that bill—the equalization fee. Yet one man from Nebraska who was savage in his comments on Hoover said to me that his State would support Coolidge. The Farm Bureau Federation had just passed a resolution for farm aid without mentioning either the McNary-Haugen Bill or the equalization fee; and this man said that now, therefore, the party could nominate Lowden, who is committed to the equalization fee, without repudiating the Administration. Yet he was implacable in his criticism of Hoover for standing with the President. I could not follow his logic.

Others, who are candidates for local offices, fear Hoover because farmer dissatisfaction, which may not be enough to affect the State-wide result, may locally be enough to cost them their offices. Still others fear Hoover because he is not an organization man. They want a regular. They remember bitterly that Hoover supported President Wilson's peace proposals and asked the country to support them. They want

By

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

nobody that has not an orthodox record in the G. O. P.

One speaker at a "pep" meeting for Hoover remarked that Hoover was enough of a Republican to be chosen in the Cabinets of two Republican Presidents; but that does not satisfy the priests and Levites of the grand old hierarchy. And some at the very opposite end of the scale from the radical farm group fear Hoover for what they suspect he might do to big business. They do not know what he might do to the railroads with his ideas about waterways and freight rates. They are not easy in their minds when they imagine what he might consider best in dealing with giant power and public utilities. They are Wall Street influences that do not think he is safe—so it is reported. These conflicting fears combine in a common fear that has brought together those that are known here as the "allies."

All the open bitterness here—and some of it is bitter enough to furnish medicine that may be later administered by the Democrats—is against Hoover.

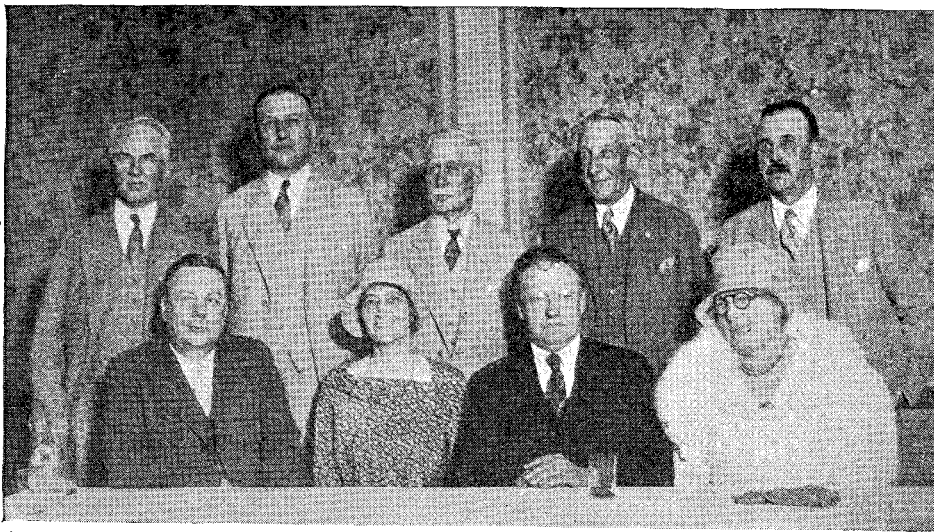
But if there is an alliance here against Hoover, it is so far a loose alliance and not very efficient. It may be strengthened and tightened up in hotel suites later. What happened in a smoke-filled room in 1920 may be attempted this year. It worked then, and it may work now. The Nation's memory is not long; but it has been refreshed from time to time during these eight years and the G. O. P. cannot take the Nation's confidence for granted. There is Al Smith in the offing, and the elephant will have to watch its step here.

One of the candidates, Senator Curtis, of Kansas, I have been told on trustworthy authority, will not be a party to any combination. Of the others I have no information. The idea that the Administration, represented here prominently by Secretary Work and Secretary Jardine as supporters of Hoover, can be used to defeat Hoover by stampeding the Convention for the renomination of President Coolidge, still survives and proves that among ideas it is not always the fittest that survives. Secretary Mellon, who at least will know what the

Pennsylvania delegation will do, Charles D. Hilles, the former Taft lieutenant, who will say what most of the New York delegates will do, and Chairman Butler, of the National Committee, may be holding on the eve of the Convention the balance of power between Hoover and the "allies."

Those who see in this contest a likeness to that of 1912 must have dim memories of that historic Convention. It is true that here a popular candidate seems pitted mainly against politicians and that there have been some delegation contests; but there the likeness ends. There is here, so far at least, no massed emotion, no battle formation of two armies, no challenge to the death. Even the contests between rival delegations for membership in the Convention but distantly resemble those that ripped the Convention of 1912 in two. All of the contests this year were from the South, where the Republican Party is weak—unless two district contests from Kentucky and Tennessee be excepted. In those from Texas the principle that the law of a State should be observed, which was violated in 1912, was this year upheld; but that was because the rules of the Convention had meantime been changed. There was no case involving the disregard of a popular primary. The Hoover delegates won because their cases were ably presented against a weak opposition. How they will fare in the Credentials Committee and the Convention itself will be known after this is in print. The spirit of 1912 seems far off from this dull and confused Convention among the Kansas Cityans.

So far the Hooverites are dignified and self-restrained. They show their unity, not by any outward emotion, but by their intelligent organization. They apparently have a well-oiled machine, as becomes an engineer. Those who have been closest to the chief exhibit a quiet fervor that is devotional. They are like the disciples of Roosevelt rather than like the disciples of Wilson. Their ideals are those not so much of moral or social or political reform as of efficiency and humanitarianism. They believe in Hoover for what he has done in feeding the Belgians, in employing food as a weapon for peace, in making his Department an instrument of economic order, in doing human things on a great scale. They do not present a program, but a man.



THE ANTI-HOOVER GROUP

Left to right, seated : A. A. Lilly, of Charleston, S. C. ; Ruth Hanna McCormick, of Illinois ; Senator James Watson, of Indiana ; Dorothy Cunningham, of Indiana. Standing : Michael J. Tobin, of Iowa ; Senator-elect Otis F. Glenn, of Illinois ; Henry W. Marshall, of Indiana ; Lewis L. Emerson, of Illinois ; William H. Miller, of Ohio

But these disciples are not the only ones in the Hoover organization. There are also skilled politicians. Secretary Work is as politically minded a gentleman as ever ran a caucus. And serving in this cause of social engineering are some who were in that precious coterie with which Will H. Hays is probably sorry he was ever associated. They bring no prestige to any cause they serve. Some of the shrewdest politicians of the Republican Party—honest and less honest, to put it mildly—attached themselves to Roosevelt. Men like them in the Democratic Party guessed that Wilson was the right man to back. How far Hoover's present political position, in contrast to the wreckage of eight years ago, is due to his political associates and how far to his own extraordinary and undenied organizing ability I do not know. But I do know that he has been damned for not being a politician and that he is now damned for being one. His political acumen is going to be tested in the days that are to come. A Presidential candidate must appear publicly free if he is in reality to be free. Mr. Hoover is already under some obligation to Mr. Mellon, and may become more so. I understand that Mr. Hoover believes in Mr. Mellon's fiscal policies. In view of those facts, Mr. Hoover may find himself in the embarrassing position of choosing between his convictions and the avoidance of appearing to pay a political debt. Nothing that has yet happened may so test Mr. Hoover's political sagacity.

If Mr. Hoover is not nominated I cannot guess, and I believe no one can guess, who will be. If Mr. Coolidge would say that word that would eat the words he has already said, everybody here seems

to believe that he could have the nomination without question. Even those here who are most outraged by the Coolidge way seem to think that the party would have to accept Mr. Coolidge himself. But no one has yet explained how he could say that word without self-stultification except possibly to prevent a nomination that would be equivalent to a repudiation of his Administration. No friend of the President could attribute to him the intention of saying that word at the expense of his Secretary of Commerce. Who else, then, could be the candidate? It is anybody's guess as the Convention is about to assemble.

DURING these days of preparations no issues are discussed. There is no program, no leadership. It is a fight of personalities. Those behind Hoover are for him because of what they believe to be his supreme qualifications for the Presidency—not for any program he has laid down. So far as he represents anything, he nominally represents the Coolidge policies. Those behind Lowden are for him because he is for the farmer. Curtis and Watson and Goff are favorite sons. And so it goes.

I say there is no issue in spite of all the talk about the state of agriculture. The so-called farm issue, here at least, is not an issue, but a grievance. There is no starving peasantry, but there is discontent among many who work on the farms because they feel the Government does not protect their means of livelihood as it protects industry. But when they talk about means of protection they are at odds with one another. Some think that the party will give them a lot of words and then trust to their party

falty or to their dislike of the Democrats. No one asks that the Government really put farming on an equality with industry with its highly organized division of labor and with its mass production, standardization, and all the rest that goes with the factory. All agree that the task is to preserve the individualism of the farmer and yet raise the returns to agriculture to the level of those of our complex industrial order. Everything beyond that is a dispute about ways and means.

Prohibition as an issue has not come to life. I have yet to hear of a candidate that is out and out for modification of prohibition. Hoover is for the continuance of the prohibition experiment. Lowden has said nothing.

THIS promises to be a genuine G. O. P. Convention. The Grand Old Party is not ashamed of its *clichés*. Its elephantine feet are firmly on the ground. It is now the party of those who have—not of those who have not. Its greatest pride is that under its benign rule there are more of those who have than ever before. Its discernible aspirations are not much above material prosperity. Even the farm problem is one of satisfying higher standards of living that have come about under Republican rule.

But honesty in Government, the curbing of special privilege (which becomes a new job with every generation), the determination to do away with the partnership between party politics and favored interests—all that seems to be as far removed from the mood of those here as if the kingdom of heaven had already arrived.

It can hardly be expected of a party that it will arraign itself; but will this party meet in advance its opponents' arraignment and repudiate the acts of those who have brought it to dishonor?

These are first impressions of a party gathering in convention—a party that has lost its Old Guard but not all of its Old Guard traditions, whose Senate cabal is discredited but not all of its remnants disposed of, and whose confidence in the midst of confusion seems just now to rest on the belief that it is normally in the majority. What it becomes will depend on whether it wants and finds a leader.

IN the background of this Republican Convention is the figure of Al Smith. It seems to be assumed that he will be the opponent to meet. Perhaps he will have a program. If he forces the fight, it will not be the first time that a Democrat has driven the Republican Party to espouse a cause.

It's Hitchcock's Job Now

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

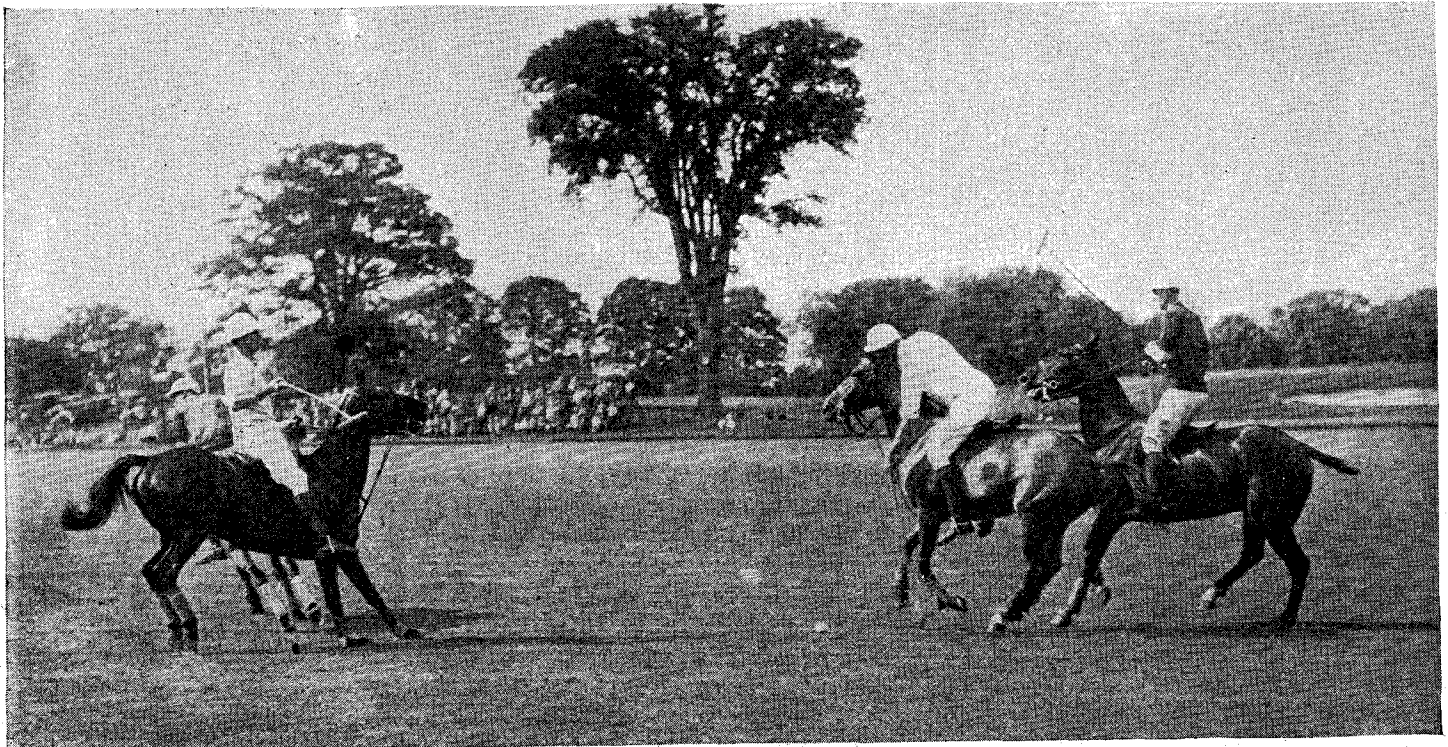
DEVEREUX MILBURN, the mighty galloper, having laid down the mantle of American polo leadership, partly because of a crash over the jumps, and partly, I suspect, to give the younger men a chance, the burden is assumed by one of the ablest and most picturesque characters in sport, young Tommy Hitchcock. The burden will be a heavy one, for there is to be met this year in defense of this country's polo supremacy probably the most dangerous team of two-legged and four-footed players that ever came to these shores, the splendid sportsmen from the Argentine. There will have to be a new Big Four built around Hitchcock, and while, of course, there is a selection committee, there is little doubt that the new defenders will be molded close to Tommy's heart's desire. And that heart's desire is the best Big Four that ever took the field for the United States. A large order that—but the young Hitchcock is accustomed to large orders. The testing is already under way, and will continue until the eve of the big matches in September. So there is plenty of time in which to solve the problem both of men and mounts. No man at this writing has the remotest idea of what the final selection will be, but there is much to be said

about the known candidates, all of whom have reputations only slightly less distinguished than those of their great predecessors. It is possible, too, that a young collegian of the type of Forrester Clark, of Harvard, will make a great bid such as that of Winston Guest a year ago.

If you get a close-up of Tommy Hitchcock, you will be looking into a somewhat whimsical face—a face that sometimes, and even in the stress of terrific action, can assume the bland and inscrutable expression of whichever happens to be your own favorite Buddha. Even at the full gallop there is nothing in that face to furnish the slightest clue to the intentions or ultimate destination of its wearer. In which respect it is utterly unlike the countenance of Milburn, his great predecessor. Milburn's face in action is expressive to the last degree; Tommy's face expresses absolutely nothing. From which one might get the false impression that Hitchcock, Junior, was not a born leader. He is just that. The fact that in most of his public appearances in this country he has been under the direction of either

Milburn or, another veteran, Louis E. Stoddard, one of the craftiest Backs in the game, has caused the average observer to lose sight of the fact that he once led a team in the Olympics in excellent fashion, and that he has occasionally turned in a very fine performance at Back himself. It is perhaps improbable, but quite possible that he might care to run the new Big Four from Back.

OF the old team there remain in addition to Tommy himself at No. 2, Watson Webb at No. 1, and Malcolm Stevenson at No. 3. Whether Webb and Stevenson will seek places and win them with the new combination remains to be seen, but it is quite possible that Stevenson and Webb will step down. The combination of Stevenson at No. 3 and Milburn at Back was the greatest defense the game has seen, and Stevenson was particularly clever in covering Milburn when the latter chose to storm through to the attack. It may be decided that better results can be gained by building up a new pair for the second line *as a pair*. In the front line it may be recalled that Hitchcock has been very effective with Averell Harriman, Elmer Boeseke, Eric Pedley, James C. Cooley, Winston Guest, or Captain Wilkinson out for-



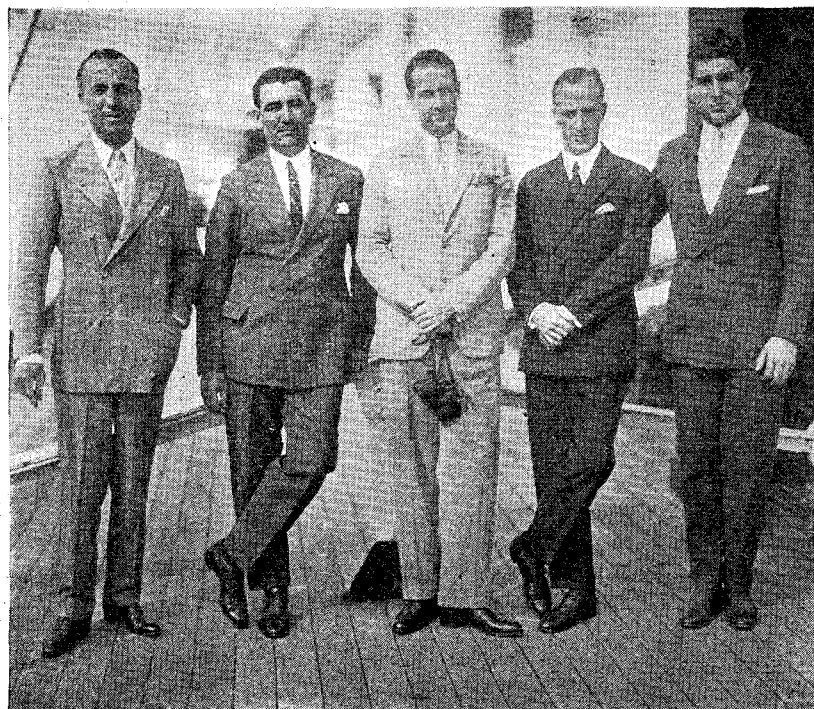
Acme

J. Watson Webb about to hit the ball. Hitchcock is directly behind him

ward. The No. 1 in front of the hard-hitting Hitchcock needs to be finely mounted, so that he can get away out on the end of Tommy's feeding shots, which means speed, and must be an extremely accurate short-distance shot both fore and back. When it comes to riding off the opposing Back, Guest's size and weight make him quite a factor. But in the modern game, American style, and realizing on Hitchcock's feeding strokes, the No. 1 usually is more concerned with "slipping" the opposing Back than with riding him off. Should Tommy decide to place himself elsewhere, Winston Guest is unmistakably a No. 2 of international caliber. There are also available at No. 1 "Laddy" Sanford and Captain Charley Gerhardt.

If "Mike" Stevenson decides to abandon a trial for No. 3, there is Cheever Cowdin on whom to rely. Cowdin showed last year that he was at the top of his game after years of effort, and after a long setback because of serious injury. He is a splendid horseman and a master of deft strokes all around his mount. I must say I am one of those who are greatly taken with Cowdin's play. Captain Peter Rodes is a coming No. 3 of the hard-riding, hard-hitting type, with a cold head and a fiery heart.

The No. 4 or Back position is a very real problem. By tradition, an American international Back is a tremendous hitter and a fine field general. It is possible, of course, to handle the generalship from No. 3, as was the case when Harry Payne Whitney put together the first and, in the opinion of the veterans, the "only" Big Four. In view of this, the statement I am about to make may appear rather startling, since it is about a young man who does not impress the average polo follower except in flashes. This was Bobby Strawbridge. However, I studied his play carefully last year, especially his dependability and range, working now and then with diagrams, with the result that, in my judgment at least, and on the full season's play, he was the most *consistent* Back in action, not even excepting Milburn. Milburn's genius, of course, led him to many moments of play that no other man has equaled in my experience, but the very fury of his attack occasionally led him into errors. Strawbridge has had splendid coaching by his father, who was a severe taskmaster, and later by Milburn, who can teach as well as he can play. Furthermore, he filled in successfully, even brilliantly, at No. 3 when Stevenson was hurt in a match against Great Britain. This ability to play a fine No. 3



Acme

THE SPLENDID SPORTSMEN FROM THE ARGENTINE

The 1926 team, from left to right: A. M. Peva, M. M. Andrada, Jack Nelson, Captain Lewis Lacey, and J. Rensel. Three of these—Andrada, Nelson, and Lacey—will return this year

would be an added asset, making it possible for him to go up into the fracas readily when covered by his own No. 3. If Strawbridge puts on another season like the last, I believe that he will get into at least one of the international matches.

I HAVE spoken of Forrester Clark. Here is a possibility, to be sure, at least as a substitute. He is a tremendous hitter, a fine horseman, strong at riding off, and a keen student of the American generalship. Certainly he is a great future prospect, even if he does not make it this year. With his six feet seven inches of height, and 200 pounds when down to riding weight—he rows in the Harvard crew at 205—he is a great smotherer of the opposing No. 1. Among the other candidates of whom we shall see a great deal are Harold Talbott, Jr., steadily improving; Frederick H. Prince, Jr., a high-class veteran Back; Rodman Wanamaker, who has turned in some fine backfield play; and Morgan Belmont, who, when in the mood, plays tremendously at Back or at No. 1. If he decides this season to make a real effort, rather than an obliging appearance in the Open championship, he will be hard to stop. It is in him to be one of our greatest. This is not the whole list, but will do for the time being.

A great deal of credit is due the Sands Point club for putting on on Sundays

on the splendid field at Port Washington polo matches in the course of which every aspirant for the Big Four will be seen in action. This is to go on all summer, and, of course, soon after they arrive the men from the Argentine will also be seen there. They will furnish color enough in their own right to fill out anybody's Sunday afternoon. The real polo devotee who misses his Port Washington Sunday afternoon misses both a game and a picture.

ARGENTINA's string of mounts, another gorgeous assemblage from the Pampas, is already here, and the players will be along in July. American polo followers will be glad to know that "Jack" Nelson and Lewis Lacey are both coming, together with A. H. Kenny, a new visitor from Buenos Aires, John Miles, and the massive Manuel Andrada. For the benefit of Jerseyites and Philadelphians, I may say that they will have an opportunity to see the invaders in their home territory. There's a possibility of Narragansett, too. I am giving away no secrets, either, when I say that the men who learned their horsemanship as boys chasing ostriches are quite determined to win the big matches, whatever they do prior to that time. About that ostrich experience (and the birds were not sticking their heads in the sand at the time) and the consequent phantom touch on the reins—ah, another time.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover

SOME one asked me recently: "Does Mrs. Hoover want her husband to be President? Is she working with him? for him?" And it seemed a strange question to one who has seen how completely, despite the independence and variety of their days, she shares her husband's life. I do not know what she may feel personally about the possibility of going into the White House, but I doubt if she allows herself to think about it. If fate seems to be carrying her husband in that direction, then that is her direction.

There is nothing extraordinary about this. It simply means that the Hoovers are happily mated. Their marriage, in February, 1899, one year after her own graduation from Stanford University and four years after his, is one of the best arguments for co-education that I know.

They had found themselves there in the same geology classes, Lou Henry having come up from Monterey, the old Spanish capital of California, to which her banker father had brought his young family from Iowa, and Herbert Hoover having come from another Iowa town by way of the Quaker relatives in Oregon with whom he had lived after having been left an orphan when only eight.

They found themselves in the same classroom, and there *was* something unusual in this, for at that time Lou Henry was about the only girl in the University determined to discover through such scientific study more about the inside of the earth whose surface in that romantically beautiful Monterey territory she so adored. There was more too than classroom association; for often week-ends and holidays were given to explorations under the chaperonage of the geologist, John Caspar Branner, and other professors of science, into the Santa Cruz Mountains or by virgin trails along the Pacific shore beyond the mountains.

HERBERT HOOVER was graduated in 1895. He had earned most of his way through college, and would begin using the knowledge he had acquired there at once, and in California. So he started with a pick in his hand, and for many months worked literally in the mines to learn a man's work. After that for a year or two his friends saw him as a rapidly advancing engineer in our West.

By CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

Then came Australia for another two years, while Lou Henry was finishing her University course. Herbert Hoover expected that in June of 1899 he would return to the old Spanish capital for their wedding. Instead, he cabled in the winter that he had accepted an alluring position under the Chinese Government, and asked if she would be married in February and go to China, instead of in June to go to Australia.

And so it was—they were married on February 10, 1899. And they sailed for China the next day.

I have not known any one more devoted to father and mother and sister than Lou Henry, but she sailed with the young engineer.

She left her father and mother and her sister Jean, and Monterey, for China, not suspecting, of course, that she was heading for the Boxer Rebellion. Little it would have mattered had she known. Some one spoke with impatience once of Mrs. Hoover's optimism: "Everything is always going to work out beautifully with her. She doesn't seem to see the other possibilities in a situation." Quite true, she may not seem to. Nothing must halt or hinder her husband or herself, once a course has been chosen. Her fearlessness is an outstanding trait.

The Hoovers had been less than two years in China before the Boxer Rebellion broke, and they took their part in the foreigners' civilian defense of the besieged city of Tientsin. In the light of late happenings in that country, it is easier for us to imagine what living through that one of 1900 was like.

That was the beginning of the kind of world adventure known to American mining engineers and their wives. This particular engineer had so early demonstrated special capacities that their work involved from the first large undertakings, often much more than the construction or reconstruction of mining properties—care, for instance, of the human groups connected with those widely varying enterprises, even, at times, the creation of an entirely new village, or living center, for one of them, affording better shelter, better sanitation, better food.

Before Lou Henry's first son was four

years old he had been around the world three times. She has been, like her husband, at home on various parts of the earth, while remaining intensely local in her loyalties. I remember her once saying that she had gone many times around the world with her eyes open for the best place to bring up boys, but could never find any spot better for that purpose than the place from which she started, the campus of Stanford University.

THESE early experiences, during which she was constantly seeing human struggle and misery, may partly explain why Mrs. Hoover's chief interest, outside that in her family, is in work for social and economic betterment, and with the emphasis placed on better homes and better schools, a better chance to enjoy out-of-doors.

Quite recently, on her own Stanford campus, realizing the difficulty younger faculty families had to find houses that were small and of moderate rental and yet offered quiet and comfort and a certain degree of beauty, she selected a convenient stretch of land on which she set up a group of such small houses with embellishing courts and gardens. One sees no "For Rent" signs on that area.

Indeed, my most vivid memories of Mrs. Hoover (outside her own house) are those of her as she welcomed some group of American women somewhere in a house they had at last achieved. At one time it was in the American Women's Club in London, at another in the Stanford University Women's Club House—it is part of her belief that women should be able to meet together in pleasant surroundings for the purposes of friendship and work—and again in the three houses in overcrowded wartime Washington which she rehabilitated and placed at the service of the young women assisting in the Food Administration, and in the Women's University Club of that same city. I might go on with the list.

Incidentally, I believe that if Mrs. Hoover were asked what "career" she would now choose were she free to embark on one, she would answer, "The architect's." She enjoys tremendously planning and building, and always she attempts an independent, an individual



Mrs. Herbert Hoover

solution of a problem. Practically every room in her California house, for instance, opens on a sun-bathed terrace. One has the feeling, as one does in the Indian pueblos, of being able to walk straight out from them upon planes of air.

HER house leads me to her garden, whose beginnings at Stanford University I well remember. She had brought back Butler, the old colored gardener of Washington Food Administration days. After attention to the immediate house surroundings, seeing a good-sized hitherto unproductive stretch of land, she had said: "Why can't we all enjoy seeing something more than black soil there? And what better than vegetables?" She has always had particular pleasure in vegetables, as witness the beautiful dinner-table center-pieces that have been so much admired. So she took the lease of that strip and gave Butler *carte blanche*, warning him, however, that California adobe was not Southern sand or clay.

Despite the warning, in no time watermelons, sweet potatoes, rows upon rows of sweet corn, and other vegetables dear

to the South began thrusting from the lower acre. Then even the gardener of unlimited faith was amazed, for his bordering sunflowers kept on growing taller and taller and their California yellow suns bigger and bigger, until he doubted his simple old eyes.

During the entire summer and fall Butler, who always put on a gay tie for his round of visits, appeared at our doorsteps with dewy baskets of melons and lettuce. On our Western campus, where servants were rarely to have and as rarely to hold, Butler and his garden were a happy experience.

This garden at Stanford, the undisturbed forest garden which is unique in Washington, their houses, possessions, and opportunities, the Hoovers share with their friends and neighbors to an extent which made one of them say the other day, "They make it necessary for us to defend them against our sense of possession!" This sharing, this hospitality, has no kinship with conventional social expression. It is allied to that direct and simple sharing and intercourse known to the pioneer. It includes under one roof people who have won world distinction and just plain people.

AND here we are again touching what I believe has been the motivating influence in Mrs. Hoover's life. She is rooted in the West, and in that part of the West where still lives the attitude of those who engaged in the magnificent adventure of "opening up" California—the gold above and the gold below. The spirit of comradeship abroad in a new country, a wide country—that spirit strong and sure of itself often limps in a long-settled, narrower one.

Recently friends have seen her engaged in after-dinner hours on the tapestry work of revived popularity. But while it was natural to most of us to work on the customary stamped patterns of French or other design, it was quite as natural for Mrs. Hoover to trace one of her own. She had seen a beautiful composition—cherry blossoms along the Potomac, fleecy clouds and a blue sky overhead, and as focal point the soaring shaft of the Washington monument. She would transpose this in needle-point. Nor does the fact that she may not produce a *chef d'œuvre* weaken my point. Ready-made solutions are tame to the person who knows the thrill in the challenge to wit or endurance in the making of ways.

Her roots are in the pioneering West. They flower in a passionate love of out-of-doors, of camping under pines or redwoods or in some cove by the blue Pacific (she sleeps under a roof only when obliged to), in a serenity born only of such companionship with skies and seas, in independence and daring, in neighborliness and in great kindness, in the desire to co-operate in the building up of a community, and especially through encouragement of its schools. The fact that one often meets the teachers of her children in her house is suggestive. Once in an educational meeting I heard her say:

"The greatest problem of our country today, the determining of the quality of our citizenship twenty years hence, is the problem of our teaching force. The most important thing we have to do is to insist on an adequate standard of preparation in the teachers now training, and to lure to their ranks the right type of men and women by making adequate provision for them. We should consider this profession in the light of great national service."

HER absorbing interest at this time is the Girl Scout movement. She is a retired President and now Vice-President of the National organization and
(Please turn to continuation, page 318)

The Spiritual Adventure

IN times past the seeker, after spiritual freedom and enlightenment went to the monastery, the forest, or the mountain, there to lead the secluded life of the ascetic. Today it must be otherwise, for no place is any longer secure from some sort of invasion; nor is such withdrawal from the world necessary or even advisable. You must find *within yourselves* the cell, the cave, the jungle, to which to withdraw in consecrated moments while living the ordinary life of every day under the conditions imposed by duty or necessity.

Self-mastery and the understanding of life are necessary for spiritual enlightenment, and these can be gained best by living. Do not shun life, therefore, nor be afraid to adventure and experiment, even to court danger, if need be, overcoming your fears by facing them. For if you trust life, instead of fearing it, you will find that life will itself sustain you. The swimmer who fears the water, and frantically struggles to escape from it, is likely to drown; but having confidence in the water's power to sustain him, the more he immerses himself, the more he is buoyed up.

Religion is a refuge from these human fears and a consolation against life's disappointments and indignities; but you should be fearless, and when you come to understand life truly you will no longer be disappointed and will have no need for consolation. Religion gives the support that a crutch gives to a cripple; but it is not, after all, man's natural condition to be lame! Philosophy is a game of the mind which may keep you playing with ideas about life instead of adventuring into action toward liberation. Religion and philosophy may therefore sometimes hinder more than they help, for they are

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

Krishnamurti is the young Hindu Brahmin believed by Mrs. Annie Besant and others to be an *avatara*, or world teacher.

At the age of twelve he wrote his first book, "At the Feet of the Master," which has had a circulation of three hundred thousand, and he has written five others since. He is the sponsor of an international magazine, "The Star," published simultaneously in twenty-one countries and fourteen languages.

His message of Happiness through Liberation has already met with an extraordinary response from that younger generation of which he is so fine a representative.

This is a free paraphrase of Krishnamurti's philosophy as Mr. Bragdon heard him expound it.

crystallizations, formalizations, inherited from the past. The sectarian is like a man who blocks up every window in his house but one, and therefore sees only what happens to pass by that particular window. Look no longer through one or another window; come into the open; build no more houses to confine your spirit; found no new religions, formulate no new philosophies—*live!*

Knowledge is the harvest of the mind, but not wisdom, which is true understanding. This comes through the education of the heart, by the development of the affections. Love all you can and every one you can, and as disinterestedly as possible, for the highest and most potent form of love is dispassionate—or call it passionate kindness. If you ask a return for love, it is like asking payment for a gift; if you are jealous and possessive, you drape the one you love with invisible chains. These are the ways in which your self-love disguises itself, even

from yourself. Do not decry love, therefore, because of your own self-inflicted torment, nor forswear love because you yourself have failed in magnanimity. Purify your mind and emotions as a protection against the wolves of your own passions. Regulate your thoughts, transmute your feelings, seek for them some beautiful expression, harmful neither to yourselves or others, even beneficent. For suppressed desires generate psychic and organic poisons, while action and expression keep clear the waters of the sacred fountain, and wisdom and mastery are gained from the experiences and reactions which a life of intelligently directed action brings.

LIVING openly, fearlessly, blamelessly—and, so far as possible—*(Please turn to continuation, page 320)*



Krishnamurti

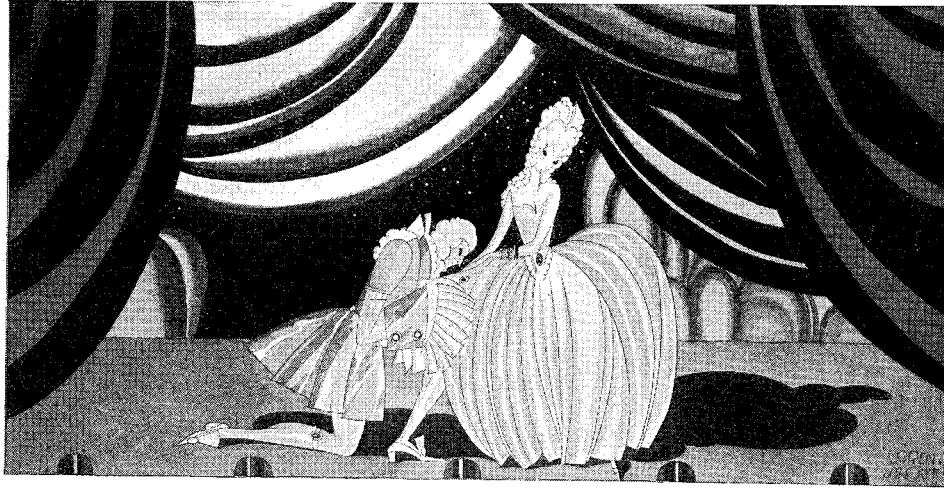
Summer Musical Shows

FOR some time we have been considerably worried by what we thought was a symptom of approaching unromantic middle age. Whenever we went to a musical comedy and the big emotional romantic scene came on, emotion fled from us. Instead of

being properly touched, we felt inclined to sneer in a rather mild manner and be cynical. Alas! we sighed, the days of "The Red Mill" and "San Toy" are gone forever, and the musical comedy stage no longer holds any romance for us. Only youth, we decided, feels any real emotion over rose-light scenes.

Well, either we are descending once more into our childhood or else we were completely wrong in our diagnosis. Because we sat in the Broadhurst Theater the other evening, seeing a new summer musical show, "Here's Howe," and to our great joy found a slight tear on our cheek as the curtain descended upon the first act. Allen Kearns as the poor young man in the automobile factory had just come—as he expressed it, "faded out"—from a triangle situation in order to give the girl he loved the opportunity to get the things she wanted most in life, and which she felt unable to take because she was, as she thought, tied to him. He had just made the great sacrifice, and it touched us! Absurd, isn't it? But if you go see the show, we will wager that you experience as genuine a moment of emotion—although it may not be soul-racking—as at "Coquette" or any other of our approved dramas.

Indeed, to our mind, "Here's Howe" is what a musical show should be. It isn't filled with college drills by chorus girls; nor a lot of marching by chorus men. There's very little gathering of the company at the footlights to shout at you and make you doubtful of their sanity. Also, the best tune is not blared out at some time or other with seventy-four large brasses. All these things are left out,



What is put in is a very cleverly knit, entertaining story which naturally blossoms into all the different playlets and "acts" and specialties that every musical show nowadays needs. Added is some very pleasing music—much of it, we gather, by our young friend Roger Wolfe Kahn—and a colorful, varied, always tasteful production. The net outcome is a musical show that has more humor in it, to our mind, than any such show in town. It actually combines a story which runs true to the human emotions, with some very subtle humor, and the acting of such people as Ben Bernie, Allen Kearns, and Walter Catlett.

In fact, we feel like registering here a great huzzah for Ben Bernie, who seems to us to have become as original, artistic, and subtle a comedian as the stage possesses. Also, he actually can act.

Do we need to say that the story concerns itself with a Detroit automobile company (they stage the first scene in the community hall in order to justify the presence of the chorus girls), and deals with the poor stenographer and the poor mechanic whose dream is to have a gas station on the Boston Post Road, a fairly attractive and not at all villainous automobile manufacturer who is in love with the secretary, and the complications that follow upon the hero "fading out," leaving his sweetheart to go round the world with the automobile manufacturer?

As is usual in the musical comedy world, the round-the-world trip affords the excuse necessary to take the audience to more romantic places than Detroit motor buildings, and results, this time,

in a view of Havana. So everybody goes to southern climes—in particular, the motor-car manufacturer and the secretary, accompanied by the manufacturer's absurd brother-in-law—who, of course, is Walter Catlett—and followed by a trio of professional murder-

ers, who are very fond of the society of the aforesaid Catlett and who are so engaged by his personality that they change from being about to murder him, in the first act, to doing bag-kidnapping for him throughout the last act, whenever he needs it; which he does need very often, because of his soft-hearted attitude toward the ladies.

All these absurdities culminate in the dramatic meeting of Howe (the hero) with the automobile manufacturer in a card-cutting duel for each other's fortunes. (We forgot to say that the hero went to Havana and made a lot of money in six months, but didn't quite tell us how, at which we were rather disappointed.) The upshot is that the hero is ruined again, of course, but manages to build his gas station on the Boston Post Road only to find, as a final kick, that he is on a detour. How this situation is solved is one of those secrets of musical comedy which it never does to reveal. Anyway, from the foregoing, fragmentary as it may be, it ought to be easy for you to imagine that for once a musical show has appeared which doesn't lose its head completely in the second act, never to recover its sanity. Instead, "Here's Howe," in our estimation, becomes better and better as the evening draws on, until it ends by being completely satisfactory.

Yes, you are right. We like it, recommend it, and consider it the third best musical show produced this year, the other two being "Showboat" and "Funny Face." We hereby accord it that place, and think summer visitors to New York will agree with us.

Francis R. Bellamy.

Miniatures from the Life

At Two

A LITTLE girl of two was very fond of dolls. She was so little that life was quite new to her and simple. The world was made up of her mother, her father, her big sister—who was eight and nearly grown up—and these small creatures who depended on her.

They were quite helpless, these dolls. Without her they could do nothing but lie awkwardly on their backs and stare fixedly at nothing. But the little girl of two knew what went on inside the unmoving heads and hard bosoms. She knew the secret of coming alive; they came alive through her. The little girl dressed and undressed her dolls; she rocked them to sleep; she took them up and fed them—she carried them out of doors for air and exercise.

But she was troubled and anxious about them, for, after all, she was only two. Her little fingers could hardly manage the pins and buttons, her arms were scarcely long enough to encircle her children, and her greatest steps could never take her far enough to show them much of life.

She made it up to them with promises. Some day she would be as big as her sister—as her mother; how much she could do for them then! That would be a long time from now. How many of her babies would be broken?

Then a strange thing happened in the little girl's world. The grown people, who thought it was all right for her to be so little, began to worry because the eight-year sister was not big enough. A doctor came and looked at the big girl of eight and shook his head without ever noticing how small and useless was the little girl of two.

That evening at supper the father took out from his pocket a strange box. What was in the box? The small mother of dolls leaned close to see. New things to eat, like little pebbles. Were they to eat?

But the father shook his head. They were not for two, it seemed; they were for eight years old. These were pills, said the father, to make her sister big and strong—magic pills to make her grow up quickly.

By IBBY HALL

"I would like to grow up quickly," said the little girl of two. "I would like to grow up and be a big mother for my dolls."

But the pills were not for her.

When the meal was over, the big sister was given a pill. The box was left upon the table. The next morning there it was.

But the little girl of two was no bigger than she had been the day before—or the day before that. Her heart began to ache. She remembered her dolls. Soon the dining-room was empty. The morning was quiet. There was nothing on the table now, there above her head, but the magic box. She reached and staggered, and reached again.

The first little pebble had a bitter taste—they were not nice to eat. Was she growing bigger? She swallowed the second one quickly. Soon she would be tall enough to sit upon the big chairs and show them the exciting street. Another, and another—and tomorrow she could stand above the big stove and cook delicious things for them to eat. The room, the whole dining-room was changing around her. She was growing up!

Hurry now—so bitter—only a few left. Grown up—at the big sewing-machine—lovely dresses—all the dolls smiling at her—come alive—

The strychnine box was empty. Not only the room but the house and the great world outside were strange and different now. By nightfall she had stopped quite still—but at two. The dolls would never come alive again.

The Beggar

STANDING at the entrance of one of the New York subway stations the other day was a white and pathetic looking boy of nineteen. As people hurried past him, intent on catching the next train and making the next appointment, he made timid efforts to stop them, asking anxiously for alms. It was not long before the boy found himself under the special patronage of a police officer, who hauled him along with little ceremony to the nearest court, so that he might learn

the penalty New York imposes upon its beggars.

The boy was brought before the magistrate and was looked over by the eyes of the law. Here was a truly pitiful spectacle—little more than a boy, not yet a man. What neglect of civilization, the magistrate wondered, had trained the boy to this trade?

The prisoner was asked to tell his story, and, pale and halting, he went through with it. When he was four, his mother had died. The people he was left to, he related simply, had not liked him. It was years since he had seen his father, who had never cared what might become of him. But, despite these drawbacks, he had found a job for himself. He had been mess-boy on board a steamship. It was only lately that he had lost the job. He could find no other, and he had been forced to beg, unless he would starve.

The crowd and the officers standing about were affected, and somewhat ashamed. They felt vaguely that they themselves might be somewhat to blame for the state of a society that first starved, and then punished the starvation. There was some whispering about the court-room, and some nodding, and a fund for the young beggar was begun, and mounted rapidly.

But there was a hard-boiled probation officer who was more uneasy even than his fellows. He was not so uneasy about the boy as about the story. That was a good story. That story was too good. While the collection was being taken up the probation officer slipped out of the room and hastily looked up some records—finger prints, and a few details like that.

To the dismay of the kind-hearted court, the probation officer submitted his own story. This boy was a liar. He came of a good, respectable family, living right here in New York—a family that he had disgraced by being guilty of the same offense a year ago. Moreover, the boy had then been put upon probation, and had never had the good faith to reappear. This boy belonged with the sob sisters. He had discovered too young that humanity enjoys its easy emotions, to the extent of being willing to pay high for them.

The Movies

"Fazil"

IF they had made a comedy of "Fazil," it would have been a big success, for most of the situations in the story lend themselves considerably better to comedy than to tragedy. But "Fazil" is a tragedy, and it will be a big success anyway, we suppose.

Charles Farrell and Greta Nissen are in it, and the publicity gentlemen are able to exploit the results of their participation under the general heading of red-hot love scenes. So, even though we didn't think they were so hot, there will be plenty of others who will think so.

Howard Hawks, who directed "Fazil," has made determined and generally successful efforts to invest the picture with beauty. Most of the scenes are glamorous and all are well photographed and lighted. But his attempts at burning passion, resistless infatuation, and that sort of thing are checkmated by the general silliness of the story. It's getting so that love, with a great big flaming L, has to be artfully dealt with on the screen or modern audiences will fail to be thrilled and will even go so far as to bust right out laughing in the wrong places.

After having seen Charles Farrell in some recent releases, it's hard to believe that this is the sturdy, unassuming sailor-boy of "Old Ironsides." He has been beauty-parlored into a Great Lover by his employers, and a Great Lover he now is; your reaction to his performance will therefore be in proportion to your regard for this particular brand of screen actor. We, personally, suggest to Mr. Farrell that, if he's going in permanently for this incandescent papa business, he take an afternoon off some time and watch Don Alvarado at work. In the case of Greta Nissen, all she needs to do is pray for a better part in a better picture.

"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper"

BASED on a genuinely interesting idea and worked out with intelligence, "The Strange Case of Captain Ramper" is rather an unusual picture. Unusual, indeed, in more respects than one, for, in addition to dealing with a new subject, it reverses a common fault in film-making.

It is the exception nowadays to find

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.



a consistent, well-developed scenario with a continuity able to withstand analysis. Rarely, too, does one find an American or a German motion picture that isn't well photographed.

"The Strange Case of Captain Ramper" is an American film made in Germany; it has remarkably good continuity and is atrociously photographed. It's all very puzzling.

This is a picture in which the spectator's interest will be heightened, we believe, if he knows in advance what's going to happen. We shall attempt, then, a brief synopsis of the plot: Captain Ramper, an aviator, and Herr Ippling, his co-pilot, leave Germany in a huge replica of the transatlantic plane Bremen on a non-stop flight to the New World. They are lost in the Arctic regions, and given up for dead. But they are not dead—just as many other lost fliers are perhaps not dead; they have kept alive for three years on the supplies of a former Arctic expedition.

At the end of this period Ippling dies by his own revolver, and Ramper, his brain gone, begins an animal existence, living as the polar beasts live and sustained only by his great physical strength. For twelve years he roams the ice-fields until a fishing boat finally captures him and brings him back to Germany. In the minds of the ignorant sailors, Ramper is a new kind of Arctic animal—half monkey and half bear; on reaching their home port, they sell him to a side-show, and here he is seen by a scientist, who succeeds in getting him into the hands of a great brain specialist.

Ramper's consciousness, so long dormant, is restored to him, and he finds

himself plunged into the vortex of modern life, for which he immediately develops such a strong distaste that he returns to the Arctic, presumably to renew his animal existence.

There is a subdued love interest in the person of a girl of the side-show and her boy friend, who runs the merry-go-round. This girl is played by a certain Mary Johnson, presumably a German actress; she is something like Greta Garbo and something like Janet Gaynor—very interesting, indeed. As Captain Ramper, the widely known Paul Wegener gives a stolid but competent turn to his difficult rôle.

In spite of the fact that it's so hard to watch, "The Strange Case of Captain Ramper" is suggested as worthy to be put on your list.

"The Drag Net"

AN exaggerated, impossible, trite, and thrillingly entertaining picture is "The Drag Net," from the pen of O. H. P. Garrett, a former New York reporter, and acted to the very nines by George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, William Powell, Francis Macdonald, Fred Kohler, and Leslie Fenton.

It's hard to picture the type of film-goer who could fail to enjoy this picture, but if any one does so fail, he will be the sort who (a) hates all crook plays, (b) dislikes the contemplation of sudden death in all its branches, or (c) insists on utter logic with his thrills.

We wouldn't for the world tell you the plot of "The Drag Net"—it's too crazy. But we will say that it's crammed full of original action and supplies the actors with opportunities to do the best work of their respective careers. Josef von Sternburg's direction is so good that you are not aware of it, and this is intended as a compliment.

But, above all, "The Drag Net" has got something which balks analysis and defies criticism—a wallop. If Mr. O. H. P. Garrett can deliver another one like it, he can start right now deciding whether he'll have jade or onyx baths on his new yacht—and, whichever he gets, he will have earned them. For Mr. Garrett can apparently take old material and hackneyed types and infuse them with something-or-other, and if he can do it once, perhaps he can do it again, and yet again.

A Distinguished Collaboration

By EUGENE BONNER

INSTANCES of collaboration between a great composer and a dramatist of the first rank are so very rare that when such a partnership extends over a period of twenty years it becomes a matter of more than usual importance.

As a rule, when a composer wishes to write an opera, it is because he has been struck with the possibility of some play which he has either seen performed or has read. In either case, even when the play in question is in verse, numerous difficulties have to be met and overcome—not the least being the question of “rights,” which many an eager young composer has found to his sorrow is a business to be entered into with prayer and fasting, to say nothing of a good lawyer or two.

Once having got the matter of rights to the piece settled, comes the even greater difficulty of having a short and more compact version made—another nice, easy proposition, as the average dramatist does not write verse, and a truly first-rate rhyme-monger can’t be bothered with doing over the work of another. All of which explains the truly delectable concoctions yclept libretti which the average composer has to put up with.

On the other hand, many dramas in verse can be found which are skillfully written and have a certain dramatic value but which from the operatic point of view are not satisfactory, as, although to the uninitiated an opera does not seem to have any definite musical form, like a symphony, for instance, it has, as a matter of fact, a very definite form if the opera is a really good one. A good dramatic composer soon learns the value of contrasts, balance of thematic material and orchestral color, and, most important of all in music drama, the knowledge of dramatic technique. A composer may have the finest possible libretto, but if he hasn’t the flair for dramatic values and a certain practical knowledge of stagecraft, no matter how fine his work may be from a musical point of view, he will not produce a good opera.

When, however, two such great artists, each unsurpassed in his own line, as Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal form a partnership that lasts over twenty years, and when in addition a large portion of their correspondence

during that period has been preserved, edited, and published, the resulting book should be of unusual interest to the lay public as well as to musicians.

It was after the sensational success of “Salome,” the one-act piece of Oscar Wilde which Strauss had set to music, that the composer and the dramatist first joined forces. In his preface to the “Correspondence between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal,” brought out this winter by Alfred A. Knopf, Dr. Franz Strauss, the composer’s son, writes:

At this critical moment he found the ideal collaborator in Hugo von Hofmannsthal, a man who to all the qualities of a heaven-sent poet united the happiest powers of invention, the true dramatic impulse, the highest culture and the rarest and most delicate appreciation of my father’s peculiar endowment. . . . I offer this book to the public in the belief that this glimpse into the workshop of two artists working together with such extraordinary conscientiousness and so weighty a sense of their responsibilities will awaken the sympathy of and at the same time act as an inspiration and a challenge to all who are interested in the problem of opera.

The opening letters, beginning at the end of 1907, are concerned with the plan of making an opera on the subject of Semiramis (a scheme which after a great deal of discussion finally came to naught) and details concerning “Elektra,” their first opera written together. Already we begin to get an insight into their manner of working together, their mutual give-and-take policy, which has resulted in such really superb works for the lyric stage.

The next scheme, discussed at length, concerns the dramatist’s “Casanova,” another project that fell by the wayside, for which we should be devoutly thankful when we realize what masterpiece it was that took its place. Hofmannsthal writes from Weimar early in 1909:

Since I came here, I have spent three peaceful afternoons in writing the complete scenario for an absolutely new and original libretto. The situations are broadly comic, the action is

as varied and almost as obvious as a pantomime—there are opportunities for lyric passages, fun, humor, even for a short ballet. There are two big rôles, one for baritone, the other for a shapely wench in man’s clothes—à la Farrar or Mary Garden. The place and period, Vienna in the time of Maria Theresa.

Thus was conceived “Der Rosenkavalier.” Strauss’s letter a few weeks later makes an interesting pendant to the above:

Act I arrived yesterday. I am simply ravished by it; it really is extraordinarily charming, and so subtle—a little too subtle, perhaps, for the general public, but that doesn’t matter. The middle part (the levee scene) is not easy to put into shape, but I shall manage it all right. I have the whole summer before me. The concluding scene is splendid—I have already had a shot at it—I only wish I had already got so far. But in order to preserve the symphonic unity I shall have to compose it all in the order in which it is written—so I must have patience. Yes, it is certainly a delicious “curtain”—what a wonderful fellow you are! When shall I have the rest of it?

The correspondence which follows concerning “Rosenkavalier” (originally called “Ochs,” by the way) covers a period of nearly two years, and is altogether fascinating. After the “Rosenkavalier” letters come the long and very complicated discussions of their next opera, “Ariadne auf Naxos.” This work, consisting of a play of Molière’s with incidental music (“Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme”), followed by the opera proper, was never a complete success, owing to its hybrid character.

The remainder of the letters, dealing with the “Joseph’s Legend” and “Die Frau im Schatten” are equally absorbing, not only as to subject-matter, but in the case of those of von Hofmannsthal from the point of view of literary style.

The correspondence has been well translated by Paul England, and we advise those who are interested in matters operatic to lose no time getting hold of the book, which is doubly interesting in view of the *première* of their new opera, “Die Ägyptische Helena,” which just took place at the Staatsoper, in Dresden.

The Gypsy Baby

A Tale for Children

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Frank W. Peers

TALES of gypsies and their thievings and kidnappings fascinated little Lois from the time she was a tiny girl. Sometimes the wandering folk did camp in the neighborhood, and once a baby boy was really found at a neighbor's door, in a basket, so rumor said, filled with money and beautiful clothes. Though he grew up in their midst, his true history Lois never learned, so to amuse herself on her long trudge from home to school, she invented a solution of her own, casually changing the boy into the girl she and her five sisters felt he should have been. Indeed, so ardent were these young feminists that they vowed if ever they grew up and married and had a boy baby, they would kill him and make him over into a girl!

So the gypsy tale grew, later told and retold to Mrs. Holterman's own children, and now again to her dozen grandchildren.

The Gypsy Baby

As told by Mrs. Lois Holterman,
an Outlook reader

IT was late in December, and Phoebe and the other boys and girls of the neighborhood felt very much excited. Not only was Christmas coming, but a family of gypsies had taken up their quarters in an old deserted barn on the road to school, where every day the children tiptoed fearfully past, for they had all heard how gypsies kidnapped little children. There was a baby in the barn, for Phoebe had heard it crying, and a pale sad young girl who must be the mother had been seen coming and going with an ugly wrinkled old man and woman.

Though Phoebe loved babies, she did not dare go near this one, but always



hurried home to the comfortable big brown house where she lived with her father and mother. They were the best parents in the world, but Phoebe was lonesome, for she had no brothers and sisters to play with, only a pretend-sister, who sat opposite her at tea parties and always owned one of Phoebe's dolls and listened politely by the hour to her conversations. But Phoebe longed for a real live companion, and all she had was her pet pig, Curly-Tail, a cunning rascal, but he could only curl his funny little tail over his back and grunt—which wasn't much company.

So as Christmas drew nearer, Phoebe began to hatch a wonderful plan. On Christmas Eve, while Father dozed by the fire after his day's work and Mother tied up mysterious packages in the big old-fashioned kitchen, Phoebe slipped into the sitting-room and found a paper and pencil. She was only in the first grade, but, remembering all she could of her lessons, she wrote slowly, "Der Santa Claus plesse bring me a Sister lovinly Phoebe." Then, feeling very bold and excited, she slipped the paper into her stocking, which hung limp and empty from the mantel, and hurried to bed.

Meantime, late into that cold Christmas Eve night, a dim candle burned in the old deserted barn. On her straw bed, the young mother lay strangely white and still. Close by her little baby whimpered and wailed in vain. In a

corner crouched the old man and woman, muttering to each other.

"This is a fine mess!" frowned the man.

"I told you to leave that pretty wench with her own people," scolded his wife. "And now what shall we do with her baby?"

"Well, pack up, anyhow," growled he. "Nobody around here'll ever believe she died naturally. We must be on our way before sunrise. There's a Christmas present up the road I've got my eye on"—he laughed harshly—"and maybe we'll leave one in its place," and, pulling his ragged coat about him, he stole into the night.

Very early Christmas morning Phoebe was awakened by a queer little wail outside in the cold.

"Oh, poor Curly-Tail!" she thought. "I forgot all about feeding him yesterday, and he's hungry." And, running downstairs in her nightgown, she opened the front door.

"Mother! Mother!" she screamed. "Come quick!" and Mother, who had been waked by that same little cry, came hurrying down the stairs.

A few moments later, Father, up early as usual to feed his stock in the barn, burst through the side door.

"Somebody's stolen Curly-Tail!" he began angrily, then he stopped and began to smile at the Christmas picture.

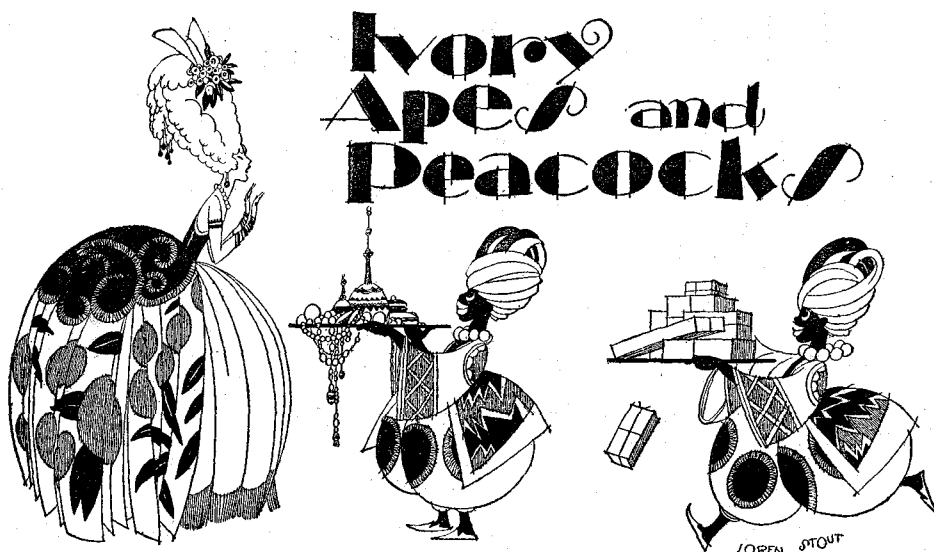
For, from an old basket, Mother was lifting a tiny pink morsel of a baby in a long white dress, and Phoebe, barefooted and in her nightie, yellow curls tousled and blue eyes shining, was holding out her hands happily.

"Daddy! Look, look!" she cried. "Santa did bring me a baby sister. But I didn't think he would take Curly-Tail!"



¹ The stories in this department are the favorite tales of various families which have been handed down to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available. They should be told as simply as possible in the language one would use in talking to a child. We should also be glad of suggestions from older and younger readers as to well-known people whom they would be especially interested to have Mrs. Davis interview for stories remembered from childhood.





By W. R. BROOKS

WE would like to suggest carving small sculptures in soap as a hobby for either children or grown-ups. We went the other day to an exhibition of such small sculptures. It was a competition held by a certain soap company, in which thirty-nine prizes ranging from \$10 to \$300 are awarded to professionals and to amateurs over twenty-one years of age, between twenty-one and fifteen, and under fifteen. To us, who have hitherto considered soap only in relation to cleanliness, this use of it as a medium of self-expression elsewhere than in the bathtub was very interesting. Although we don't know why the two couldn't be combined. Sculpting—as a substitute for reading—in the bathtub seems to us like a splendid occupation. Convert the bathroom into a studio. Nowhere else, as we have pointed out before, is such complete seclusion for creative work possible. The body, submerged to the neck in tepid water, is at ease; the mind, secure from unwelcome interruption, is free to roam at will. Take the cake of soap in one hand, the orange-stick—which is the only tool you need—in the other, and set to work. Presently you have a work of art. Or if not, you can always take a bath.

The remarkable thing about these soap sculptures was that many of them were so good. Of course a lot—and there were hundreds—were awful. But even among those by children under

fifteen there was a good deal of cleverness shown. The nice thing about it as a hobby is that the materials are always obtainable. We'll wager that you don't know anybody—even your worst enemy—who couldn't on short notice produce a cake of soap. It's an easy medium to work, and if you want to color it you can get tempera colors which are simple to apply. Or if you want to use it in making block prints, it is easier to handle than wood, or even linoleum, and we are told that it prints well. We're quite enthusiastic about it ourselves, and we have already started a small head of Lincoln. We thought he'd be easy to do on account of the beard. Only we had to begin in a very small way, because when we went out to the wash-room to get some soap to start on we found that somebody had been using the office cake. It was only about an inch square. We don't understand it.

THE possibilities for the use of paper in various ways have been greatly increased by the importation of high-grade, well-designed, printed and hand-blocked papers from Germany, Japan, France, Russia, and various other countries. Of course these papers have been imported for a number of years, but it is only recently that they have been generally available. Used as shelf-papers, as wrapping for gifts, as covers for books or portfolios, they broaden the field for the expression of decorative

taste, and add fresh interest to a number of things in our homes which have become stereotyped. One shop specializes in making lamp-shades in paper which is matched to the hangings of your room. Paper luncheon sets, in stout linen weave, come in several colors, and are not only practical for summer use, but extremely good looking, as they can be bought to harmonize with china and glass. Moreover, new uses are being found for paper all the time. You can even get paper handkerchiefs—and they are very satisfactory.

Some of these things are worth thinking about if you happen to find yourself under the necessity of giving some one a first wedding anniversary present, as the first anniversary is the paper wedding.

WE have been told about a new wrist watch that never has to be wound. It will run as long as you wear it, and will keep on running for twenty-four hours after you take it off. We haven't yet seen it, so we don't know on what principle it operates. Of course, a glance at it would tell us all! We should think, though, that it would be a pretty good watch to have. When we try to wind our wrist watch without taking it off, we usually draw the strap too tight and our left hand gets blue before we have finished winding.

WE saw a miniature microscope set the other day for less than two dollars, which magnifies 25 diameters, and another for fifty cents more which magnifies 50 diameters. A splendid toy for children with scientific leanings.

We saw also a construction set for building a sailboat of the International Star class. The boat is 28 inches long and 7 inches beam.

Also a very good breech-loading target gun for boys, which is harmless but accurate and uses wooden balls for shot.

IF your refrigerator is sometimes too small to accommodate everything you want to put into it, you can get square refrigerator dishes, with covers, in enamel or in glass, which can easily be stacked one on top of the other, thus saving a good deal of space.

Also for the kitchen is a rice ball of perforated aluminum. You cook the rice in it, and then allow it to drain itself. And there's a potato parer. You turn a crank and revolve the potato against a blade which pares it.

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Defying the Federal Reserve System

AFTER this, thumbing the nose at the Federal Reserve authorities will not be the popular pastime that it has been."

This was the refrain raised three months ago by the majority of financial commentators, including, it must be confessed, the oversigned. The Federal Reserve banks had begun to raise their rediscount rates from 4 to 4½ per cent and stock market prices were crumbling. But these commentators were wrong. Prices quickly recovered and headed for new record heights, and the speculators whose buying sent them up thumbed their noses at the Reserve authorities more emphatically than ever and, as this is written, are continuing to do so. The System has been trying to deflate the market, and, thus far, has had little success.

To any one who has read the post-war comments on the System written by European economists this failure is rather startling. It is unquestionably Wall Street's favorite conversational theme. Our friends across the Atlantic had written of the Reserve officials as if they were virtually omnipotent. It is even more startling to realize that, in the opinion of conservative, well-informed financiers, the Reserve authorities may have to leave the market to work out its own fate, until next winter at least.

The "wise money" probably still is backing the Federal Reserve System, but the fact that its definite defeat is being considered so seriously shows how the situation has changed since March. Few of the bullish speculators themselves then had hope of balking the authorities indefinitely. The best they expected was a postponement of the deflation.

Not only the operations of the Reserve authorities but their motives as well during the last nine months are very clear. Late last summer they intervened to make money more abundant and cheaper. They increased the volume of funds by buying Government securities and cheapened their cost by lowering their rediscount rates from 4 to 3½ per cent. Business was slack at the time, and the low interest rates sent funds abroad, where the returns were higher. This outflow carried gold with it. From various statements of Secretary Mellon, who is *ex officio* Chairman of the Fed-

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

eral Reserve Board, and from various other sources, it has become quite obvious that the purpose of the easy money policy was to send gold abroad, where it was needed to restore financial stability.

Easy money, however, stimulated speculation as well as gold exports, and the stock market absorbed an apparently disproportionate share of the country's supply of funds. To discourage speculation, the Reserve authorities began to contract the supply of money by selling Government securities (they initiated this policy before Christmas), and to make it more expensive by raising rediscount rates, at first from 3½ to 4 per cent. At nearly any time this winter they could probably have brought about severe deflation by being sufficiently aggressive, but, fearful of a drastic decline in security prices, the psychological effect of which would have been particularly undesirable at a time when business was recovering from a slump, they applied the first pressure gently—too gently to have more than a passing effect. Early in the spring they sold more securities and started to raise the rediscount rates again. These measures proved more effective. The announcement of a 4½ per cent rediscount rate in Boston and Chicago caused a serious recession in stock prices and encouraged the prophecies that defiance of the Federal Reserve System was at an end. But the setback was only temporary, and the upward trend was soon resumed.

The System has certainly accomplished one of its primary purposes. It has made money expensive. The rate for call loans was as low as 3½ per cent late in 1927. Recently it touched 7 per cent. But the supply is still ample to carry stocks at their present levels, and speculators seem perfectly willing to borrow money at 6 per cent or more with which to buy shares yielding them only 4 or 5 per cent. While these conditions prevail, only some unexpected development can force any substantial reduction of prices.

The supply is large partly because business, on a hand-to-mouth buying basis, does not need much money, and

partly because the member banks have continued to increase their borrowings from the System. The Reserve authorities cannot arbitrarily check this borrowing until it reaches the legal limit, still far away. There is a tradition that member banks are reluctant to be in debt to the Federal Reserve, but this tradition has been honored more in the breach than in the observance. The total of member bank borrowing has increased from \$520,000,000 to nearly \$1,000,000,000 since January.

If the stock market is to be deflated, it must be done without much delay. Within two months or so funds will be needed to finance the crops, and it is most unlikely that the Reserve authorities would then use their influence to tighten money. It is, in fact, much more probable that they will allow rates to grow easier in the autumn. They usually do.

From a casual glance, the System's course might appear obvious. Why not, in the meantime, sell more securities and raise the rediscount rate until the stock market is deflated?

Probably it will sell more securities, but it cannot continue to do so indefinitely. It has only \$210,000,000 worth left in its portfolio. It may raise rediscount rates, too, but that step entails certain dangers. Some economists maintain that business is not stimulated by low nor discouraged by high money rates, but the majority believe that commerce and industry might be hampered by a further tightening of credit. Furthermore, higher rates might before long attract so much money from abroad as to embarrass foreign countries. There might even be a large return flow of gold, which would be undesirable from the point of view of the exporters and, indirectly, harmful to us. The disturbance of Europe's financial equilibrium would crimp foreign buying of our goods.

The dangers involved in a still higher money policy may not seem very serious to the Reserve authorities and it may be that the stock market, under present conditions, will fall of its own weight. But, whatever happens, Federal Reserve officials, facing the possible frustration of their plans, must now wish that they had applied their earlier disciplinary measures more ruthlessly.



...but what shall we do
with the house ?

A summer in Europe sounded most inviting to Mother—but what about the house? “Easy,” said Dad. “Stick an ad into something and rent it.”

“Indeed, John Edward!” flared Mother. “And what about all my linen—and the piano—and our new porch furniture? Do you want *anyone* living here? Not to speak of” . . .

“Just a minute,” Dad hurried in. “I didn’t mean to stick an ad into *anything*. We’ll pick the best people by putting an ad in *The Outlook*.”

That was three weeks ago, and they stopped in our office this morning on the way to the boat—all smiles and excitement. “Yes, siree,” said Dad, offering us a cigar, “we put our ad into your last real estate issue, and got some fine people. We could almost have rented the place as a hotel, there were so many dandy families trying to get it. Why don’t you folks run some more special real estate issues?”

And that’s only one case. There have been so many requests pouring in that we have decided to run
by popular request

**four more special real estate issues ~ ~ ~ on
July 4, July 18, August 1 and August 29, 1928**

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Remember the dates, and let us have your advertisement two weeks before the Wednesday on which you want it to appear. The rates are 60c per line per issue for classified, and one dollar per line for display. If you like, we shall be glad to help you in the preparation of your advertisement, or write it for you, gratis.

The Outlook ~ 120 East 16th St ~ New York City

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Aristocratic Authoresses

THOSE who read books from motives of curiosity about their authors will have leapt to meet "Octavia."¹ Until we took it up in the line of duty, we had never read a word from the alarming pen of Margot Asquith. But we understood that her novel would be sensational and worthless. It is neither. It is of no great literary importance, but neither are most first novels, or second or third. The story is simple, since the book is concerned only with the development of one woman from girlhood to motherhood, and since the incidents of her life during that period are only those which are common in the uneventful lives of most girls. Octavia reads, talks, rides, flirts, marries, refuses herself to her husband, has, presently, a not clearly explained change of heart toward him and a subsequent baby, born dead, and ends her career as a heroine in the customary refuge of a husband's arms. Octavia is entirely real, most ingratiating, and wonderfully English. The lesser characters are excellently portrayed, some in a few acute sentences. The pictures of the hunting are in the pink of perfection, and the descriptions of house-party life done to a *tea*. Lady Asquith has one quality which distinguishes her from most of the novelists of manners of today. She describes her social milieu from the unassailable position of one who has all her life been part of it. Possessed of many less desirable qualities and lacking many more heroic ones, she writes, at least, always of what she knows. In the matter of style she is one of those increasingly uncommon writers whose style has obviously been formed by early and constant reading in the masters of polite English prose. It is a style which by the time it reaches Lady Asquith's hands has lost all luster of originality, but which she manages to rub up into a perfectly acceptable surface. Under the surface, though, lies an unfortunate tendency which becomes more and more apparent as the book goes on. Passages as vulgar and noxious as any to be found in the true story or

motion-picture magazines indicate that Lady Asquith varies her reading a good deal. Maybe, as a girl, she read alternately the works of Jane Austen and of Victoria Cross. But one thing is certain. Hitherto, the authoress of "Octavia" may have shown herself nothing but a

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantom's Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pilot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd.

Fiction

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. This beautifully written and moving study in the working of God's providence, and of love, the bridge which joins the living and the dead, deserves its popularity. Reviewed January 4.

"Behind That Curtain," by Earl Derr Biggers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Further exploits of detective Charlie Chan. Reviewed May 16.

"But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," by Anita Loos. Boni & Liveright. Lorelei Lee turns authoress and writes to warn girls "what they should stop doing." Funny; and if you enjoyed the first one, you will like this—almost as well. Reviewed June 6.

"Octavia," by Margot Asquith. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. Reviewed in this issue.

"Wintersmoon," by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. A social comedy in Walpole's best vein. Reviewed March 7.

Non-Fiction

"Disraeli," by André Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. This strangely romantic figure is touched vividly into life by Maurois's hand. You will find this excellent reading. Reviewed February 22.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. To be reviewed later.

"Skyward," by Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This stirring story of achievement deserves a place beside "We" on the American book-shelf. Reviewed May 2.

"Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing," by Samuel Hoffenstein. Boni & Liveright. If you appreciate light verse, you will find this the very best.

"Sunset Gun," by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. And this, also light verse, about second best. Reviewed June 6.

silly, gossiping chatterbox; here she demonstrates that she is a born novelist.

"Catherine-Paris"² also is written by an aristocratic hand. But since curiosity has not run before to herald it its readers cannot be expected to be as numerous as those of "Octavia." And that is a pity, because it is far more unusual. It

has not as much substance as "Octavia," but it has infinitely more beauty. Catherine-Paris is the daughter of Balkan kings, brought up in a sober little Paris flat by an ageless grandmother, a thirteenth-century nurse, a Louis Quinze cook, and two old men—M. Beau, the romantic, under whose hands the past of Paris becomes heady wine for Catherine's drinking, and Uncle Charles Adolphe, the classic, who feeds her upon the grand bread of the French tradition. Until her eighteenth year Catherine knows only Paris. Then chance throws in her way a formidable suitor out of the Almanach de Gotha, and her life becomes very tragic, and, to the reader, very unreal. The last part of the book, where Catherine and those who surround her are portrayed in the round, is less successful than the first part, where they appear as shades against the deep and stirring shadows of Paris. The book is permeated with the atmosphere of Paris, and with the sense of the omnipresence of the past. It is the work of an urbane wit, a sharp intelligence, a sensitive spirit, and an accomplished hand (in, for American readers, a perfect translation). But the Princess Bibesco is not a born novelist. She was born to be a scholar with a hint of dilettante about her, and to write, not fiction, but essays in the best manner of French *belles-lettres*.

Monuments and Effigies

By HARRY SALPETER

"Columbus," by Marius André, translated from the French by Eloise Parkhurst Huguenen. Alfred A. Knopf.

"Sir Walter Raleigh," by Milton Waldman. Harper & Brothers.

"Cromwell," by G. R. Stirling Taylor. Little, Brown & Co.

"La Fayette," by Henry Dwight Sedgwick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Lafayette," by Joseph Delteil, translated by Jacques Le Clercq. Minton, Balch & Co.

M. André's conception of Columbus is in such violent contrast to that conjured up in text-books for generations of boys and girls the world over, I am certain there must be error in both. M. André grants Columbus the possession, of doubtful value in a navigator and administrator, of the poetic afflatus. He declares him to have been a poor navigator, a weak administrator, ignorant of the geography of the time, a self-deluded fool who confused the travelers' tales of Marco Polo and Sir John Mandeville

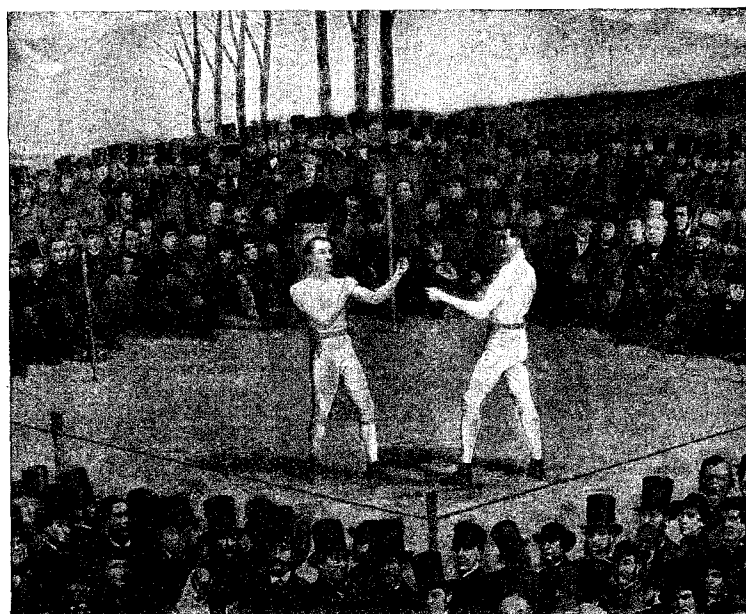
¹ Octavia. By Margot Asquith. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

² Catherine-Paris. By Marthe Bibesco, translated by Malcolm Cowley. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

with the realities awaiting him just around the corner. He was besides a braggart, a double-dealer, and somewhat of a traitor. In view of his doubtful antecedents, his vague promises to the Court of Isabella, and his outrageous personal demands, he was better, not worse, treated than he deserved. He suffered from the desire to be a martyr and died a madman. It was he who began the enslavement of the Indian. It is even doubtful, intimates M. André, whether he had not been preceded in his discovery by one who died before he could establish the fact. That island on which he first landed is not known to

this day, because, apparently, Columbus was not enough of a navigator to take his bearings and his description was untrustworthy. He was incapable of making a map of his discoveries. That he was obliged to resist mutiny was due only to the poor opinion he inspired in seamen. That he could raise a crew for his first voyage was due only to the fact that the Pinzon brothers, respected navigators, went with him. That history for so long has put a false value on this poet and braggart is due to the persistence of the hagiography which Columbus's son and Las Casas, at his dictation, gave the world in lieu of a historical narrative. M. André darkly hints that Columbus was a Marrano, a Spanish converted Jew, and not a Genoese sailor, and that his success in persuading the Court to fit out his expedition, create him Admiral and Viceroy, was traceable to the intercession of powerful Marranos who held the purse-strings. If Columbus suffered misfortunes, they were just return for his cruelty, avarice, ignorance, incapacity. In the heading of his eighth chapter M. André refers to his villain as "a Don Quixote who has read too many Biblical romances and sea tales of chivalry, and an admiral who deserves to be shot." His narrative suffers from the lack of authenticating material and from the clear intention to condemn Columbus and to belittle his discoveries.

The name of Sir Walter Raleigh inevitably summons the twin symbolic



From "Famous Prize Fights"

Published by Little, Brown & Co.

SAYERS v. HEENAN
at Farnborough, April 17, 1800
(See page 318)

figures of chivalry and romance, by means of which also we define the Elizabethan age. Even upon some of the lesser actors of that period is reflected that glow in which its paladins of poetry and action bathed it. Sir Walter was not one of the least of these, for he was explorer, sailor and soldier, historian and poet, as well as politician and courtier. Above all, he knew the value of the timed gesture. We do not know whether he spread his cloak in the mud for the feet of Queen Elizabeth, but we do know that he died magnificently, leaving the execution block, though dead, like a hero, however he may have mounted it.

M. André's portrait of Columbus is an effigy, Mr. Waldman's of Raleigh a monument. Mr. Waldman is Raleigh's posthumous advocate at the trial for treason which sent him to the Tower for thirteen years; he is his defender against the charges that Raleigh, in his second expedition to Guiana, encroached upon Spanish territory; he arraigns James I in that monarch's conduct toward Raleigh, whose life, he shows, James offered on the altar of his nation's former enemy. The strategy which defeated the Armada and the courage which ravaged Cadiz were Raleigh's. Had he been less a man, says Waldman, he would have put away his wife, as did Leicester his, to retain the favor of Elizabeth, whose predisposition was for bachelors only. He was cruel in his campaigns for the subjugation of Ireland, he played politics, he

acquired large estates and great wealth in consequence of the Queen's favor, he was hated by the people—until his last appearance, on the scaffold-stage—but were the worst true and had he been less of a sailor, he would still deserve to survive in the memory for his poetry and for the prose, if not for the science, of the "History of the World" which he wrote during his confinement.

Mr. Taylor neglects to answer the How? and Why? of Oliver Cromwell. In his prefatory summation he suggests that there is no such answer, because Cromwell cannot be subjected to the rules which govern

most of humanity. The body of his book suggests that it is possible to be unfair to a villain. He gives such obvious evidences of hatred and contempt that one becomes conquered by the uneasy feeling that Mr. Taylor is more the prosecuting attorney than the historian. One would suppose that after about three hundred years even an anti-Cromwellian passion would have had time to cool.

Thus does Mr. Taylor pose the problem which he cannot solve:

He was . . . a preposterous collection of mental and physical qualities that will scarcely fit together and make a living figure. At one moment Cromwell seems a pure mystic, bound hand and foot by that indecision which is a natural consequence of such an unworldly faith. In the flash of an eye the mystic is changed into a hard-riding cavalry colonel, who was irresistible on the field of battle. The witness of innumerable documents proves that Oliver was an innocent countryman, who had no guile beyond his simple Puritan faith; (*sic!*) whereupon still more evidence is equally convincing that he was the wildest and craftiest man of the world.

Throughout Mr. Taylor tends to disregard the possibility that faith was a potent factor in the Puritan revolution. He stresses the economic motive, pointing out that Puritan zeal had its roots in fear that confiscated estates would have

Back to camp with a handsome string



WE HAD fished far up the lake and were loath to stop, for how those trout were rising. But the cook's grim warning—why are cooks always grim?—to be back before six, persuaded us to head the "Old Town" back toward camp. As we glided easily over the water, we were grateful to this fleet canoe which brought us back with time to spare.

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to be given back should Popery return to power. The tradesmen, the merchants, the ship-owners—those who had most to lose by Charles's exactions—constituted the class from which the Puritan rebellion drew its greatest power. Perhaps it is necessary to realize, what with the over-simplification of the Puritan case, that the motives of the rebellion were sullied, that greed fed faith, that intrigue fed Puritan power, that hypocrisy and double-dealing were rife among the victorious, that Cromwell's left hand knew not what his right was doing, and that the forces which executed Charles did not derive their sanction from the populace; that the long-drawn-out battle between Cavaliers and Roundheads was a battle between minorities. In justice to Mr. Taylor, it should be noted that, however sordid the basis on which he sets the Puritan cause, he does not seek to justify the Cavaliers. However much he may resent the fanaticism of the Puritans, he does not meet it with the fanaticism of the Cavalier. I quote as eminently fair this statement of the quarrel:

The Civil War was fought because a few leaders were dull-witted or self-interested, and sometimes both; and England was rushed into a disastrous quarrel, which half a dozen sensible, quiet folk could have settled without a blow. . . . But the sensible and the sane would have reckoned without Charles Stuart and Oliver Cromwell; both men of such warped judgments and limited intellects, of such overheated emotions and preposterous theories, that neither of them could see sense until it was driven home by force of arms. Now it so happened that Oliver Cromwell could lead a cavalry charge better than any other man in England. For this very un-intellectual and unspiritual reason the Civil War ended as it did.

Mr. Taylor has told the story of the Civil War in England. His patent hatred of Cromwell, however, seems to be but a sorry substitute for that scientific understanding which might have interpreted the problem of Cromwell.

Somewhere between M. Delteil and Mr. Sedgwick lies Lafayette. Mr. Sedgwick is an old-style biographer, not entirely objective, with a dash of the advocate and the apologist. He documents heavily. He makes it rather patent that he has "read up on" Lafayette. He is the kind of writer who quotes in full resolutions and proclamations. He is a little stodgy and threatens to weary you with detail. But he is complete; he tells you the story of the man as a study from a sympathetic point of view reveals that man. The virtues of compression and

synthesis are not his. His book has a musty odor, but it is useful. It is useful, not only for those who wish to know the story of Lafayette, but for those who wish to know the story of his times. Consequently, we learn considerable about political movements, alignments, and intrigues during the French Revolution, in spite of the author's inability to state calmly the position of such as Danton, Marat, and Robespierre; he seems inclined to regard anti-Lafayetteists as corrupt, ambitious, or just murderous. It is perhaps a tribute to the character of Lafayette that Mr. Sedgwick's book about him does not, at times, bore to tears. Such a life as Lafayette's, such times as his, call for a livelier pen than Mr. Sedgwick's. But we must not be unmindful of the service which is fulfilled by even a pedestrian relation of facts.

Now M. Delteil's "Lafayette" is to biography what E. E. Cummings's verse is to the sonnet form. Delteil, who has written a similar "life" of Joan of Arc, is the lyricist, the rhapsodist, the impressionist of biography. He imagines, he invents episodes and dialogues which may have no historical veracity, but are true—according to him—to the spirit of the man or woman. He writes of Lafayette out of Delteil. He writes of him as of Joan's spiritual brother. His prose is undisciplined, aerial, exciting, and beautiful—even if a little difficult now and then. He reveals in this book a power of imagination which might have gone into a romantic novel. The scenes of prison and tumbril evoked in the mind's eye of Lafayette on the night on which he leaves his army division to seek refuge in a neutral land have power and beauty. Why does M. Delteil write of Lafayette?

He was a great poet, one of the greatest the world has known. Lafayette's life illustrates brilliantly the power (and the limits) of the heart. Therein he is unique, true brother to Jeanne d'Arc. Lafayette, or the genius of the heart. . . . What I love in a great man is myself. My hero is my "ideal self." Have I depicted Lafayette as he was? I have depicted him as I like him, anyway.

And in a brief chapter entitled "Why I Like the Man" he writes:

To begin with, he was a failure, the greatest failure in history. I like downfalls of that sort; Jeanne's bonfire, Christ's cross. Injustice sits well upon heroes. . . . No man was so exalted or so debased. Lafayette was one of the few men who have known the two limits of Fortune, its loftiest pinnacle and its deepest abyss. In

that there is something of classical antiquity in his life, all marked, as it was, by Fatality and by the gods. He was a sort of Oedipus. Did not his own daughter, the Revolution, set a price upon his head?

Employing brief, glowing, even apostrophic panels, without trying to fill every crevice of time—as Mr. Sedgwick does—M. Delteil conveys a vivid semblance of a life. He seems to have conquered his data, giving it forth in an individual form. Sedgwick is for those who wish to know about Lafayette, knowing nothing. After Sedgwick, Delteil will mean more.

Two Party Histories

By DIXON MERRITT

In politics, as in everything else, there is still truth in the dictum of the wise King of Israel, as amended by the wise dressmaker of Paris: "There is nothing new under the sun—except that which is so old that it has been forgotten."

Unusual as the situation is in which the Republicans find themselves at Kansas City, all, or most, that is being done there has been done before in American political conventions. Turbulent or tame as the Democrats may be at Houston, obvious or astounding as their nomination may be, they and other parties have been just as tame or turbulent, just as obvious or astounding before.

Most of the peculiarities of candidates are old. Take, for instance, the objection that has been raised to Mr. Hoover—that the Republicans plucked him out of a Democratic Administration. Well, the liberal construction party—Whig or Republican—has been doing that at intervals ever since it placed the Virginia Democrat, Tyler, on the tail of the ticket with Harrison in 1840. Only a few weeks before the Convention did Zachary Taylor agree that "I'll be a Whig, but not a — fool Whig." Andrew Johnson was always a Democrat, was in Congress as such both before and after he headed a Republican Administration. Grant never realized that he was a Republican until he became the obvious heir of Republican war policies and achievements.

Mr. Hoover has been an obvious and inevitable future President for ten years. When the war ended, it was apparent that either the Democrats or the Republicans would have to nominate him in 1920. Neither did. He would have been genuinely inevitable in 1924—if Warren G. Harding had not died. He was inevitable again after Coolidge. But—

William H. Crawford was an inevita-

ble President for exactly twenty years, Lewis Cass for half as long. They failed, and their names are forgotten. James Buchanan was inevitable for sixteen years—and succeeded. Big man that he was, oblivion might have been better for his fame than what is remembered of him.

For almost anything that can possibly happen at Kansas City and Houston or in the election five months hence there are interesting parallels in the history of political parties in the United States. There have been many unprecedented things in recent Presidential campaigns only because men's memories are short and because the history of political parties could be read only in scraps and by delving deep in musty archives. Now, for the first time, a general view of the history of the two great political parties may be had in popular book form.

The Century Company, New York, has recently published "The Republican Party: A History" and "The Democratic Party: A History." The former is by William Starr Myers, Doctor of Philosophy, Professor of Politics at Princeton; the latter, by Frank R. Kent, Special Correspondent, Prophet of Politics at Washington.

The one weakness of the books as a survey of opposing parties is that they are hardly comparable. Myers's is more in the orthodox historical style, Kent's more a series of essays on political history. Kent's is better to read, Myers's better reading. As was almost inevitable from their different approaches, Myers is comparatively strong on earlier and comparatively weak on later periods, Kent exactly the reverse.

The books are practically the same size—Myers's 480 pages, Kent's 517. This means that for thoroughness of treatment Myers had the advantage. He had to cover a period of but seventy-two years, Kent a period of 128 years. Kent's terser style, however, makes the difference actually less than it seems.

Neither author is wholly unbiased. Perhaps no author ever was unbiased on so live a subject. Perhaps none ever should be. Absence of bias would probably argue aloofness from life. But these men's bias is not wholly partisan. Each is occasionally unfair to the party of which he writes, and each at times too full of praise.

But this each author has done: He has presented the facts of party history in such way as to throw upon the screen, for comparison with men now active, the figures of those who have played their parts on the stages of our political parties.

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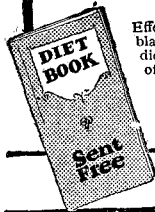
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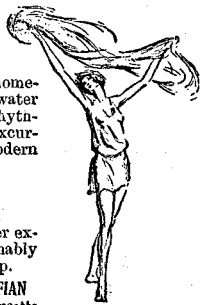
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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Jeffery Farnol's
Famous Prize Fights
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Nineteen famous ring battles, told by one who knows the history as well as all the fine points of the sport. Here are John Broughton, the Father of Boxing, Dutch Sam, Mendoza, Bendigo, Tom Sayers, Sullivan, Corbett, Jack Dempsey, and many others. Yet we liked not the manner of the telling. 'Twas vastly annoying to us—the continued intrusion of the author's personality, his literary mannerisms, his "egads" and "verilys." Yet now and again he forgets these sentimental trappings and the fight becomes a fight, vividly realized. But not for long. For soon again the tale is smothered in "tushery." Why, odd rabbit us, we're beginning to write that way ourselves!

Dyer and Fraser's
The Rocking Chair
Century

Nothing is more typically American than the rocking chair, and the patronizing air which many collectors of early American furniture adopt toward it is entirely unjustified. Our modern rockers have an ancestry as worthy of respect as that of any of the countless descendants of Mayflower passengers. It cannot be proved, but it seems almost certain that the rocking chair was invented by Franklin. It is certainly older than the Declaration of Independence. And did you know that Lincoln's favorite chair was a rocker?

This book discusses amiably and authoritatively the evolution of the rocking chair. An amateur collector, it seems to us, might do worse than add a few Boston rockers to his collection. In the first place, they are more comfortable than many of the antique chairs that we have fidgeted in; in the second, although they are not expensive now, the supply is necessarily limited.

Walter Lippmann's
American Inquisitors
Macmillan

Heretic hunting has always been a popular pastime. The Inquisition and the witch-burners had the same measure of popular support behind them as Thompson and Bryan have had in our day. That there is something real behind the Fundamentalist argument, however—something which is neither prejudice, superstition, nor bigotry—we must admit, no matter how Modernist and scientific our own attitude may be. Mr. Lippmann, in these lectures delivered at the University of Virginia, makes out a strong case for the Fundamentalist in religion and politics, partly in the form of the Socratic dialogue, and then dis-

cusses the position of the school-teacher whose ideas are Modernist but whose salary is paid by a society which is largely Fundamentalist. Has he a duty or a right to teach ideas of which his employers disapprove? Mr. Lippmann's conclusion, in so far as he reaches one, seems to be that "it may well be that to limit the power of majorities, to dispute their moral authority, is now the most important task of those who care for liberty." Simply because "the advancement of liberty has as a matter of practical politics consisted in building up centers of resistance against absolutism."

Mrs. Herbert Hoover

(Continued from page 303)

Chairman of the Executive Board. Seldom has the old cry "Back to nature" made clear the way. Mrs. Hoover is trying by eminently practical means to give every girl in our country a true connection with outdoors, sure that such connection will make her a stronger and an infinitely happier woman, just as the other Scout ideals of home-making, community responsibility, and cheerful service make for stronger, happier womanhood and better citizenship.

It is impossible to see where she finds the time that she gives to the Scout work, for the household and other duties of the wife of a Cabinet Secretary could easily alone pre-empt the day. Yet she presides over one meeting after another, delivers addresses—and she speaks extremely well—trains new groups, bestows medals, visits camps (and that, perhaps, she enjoys most), writes and plans, until to the onlooker she seems to be giving her full attention and energy to this work alone.

How near she keeps to her girls, how she talks their language, enters into their play and plans! I never know how many are tucked away in her house, but I am always certain there are some.

Complementing her interest in Scouting is that in National recreation. She sits on the Executive Board of our National Conference on Outdoor Recreation and the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation. However, in a brief paper one can but refer to a few of her major interests. Yet I hope that in even an undeveloped portrait the strong, individual lines of the woman stand clear.

No matter how her interests may deepen or her activities widen, may she carry into the coming decades, as she has into the fifties, the blithesomeness, the warm-heartedness and open-mindedness, the fine fearlessness of the girl on her horse blazing her own trail on the golden coast or the green mountainsides of California!

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Home for invalids, the aged, and those needing rest and health. Excellent food and care. Congenial home life. Physician in charge, Chas. A. Kittredge.

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Superior accommodations; famous for good food. Write direct or Outlook's Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

HILL HOPE LODGE
Quaker Hill, Pawling, New York
A delightful, restful country place for the summer or week-ends. Two hours from New York. Send for circular.

CROONING PINES Adult vacation camp; convenient, modern; good food; all amusements; desirable clientele. Rates \$15 up. Write for booklet. E. J. LEE, Warrensburgh, N. Y.

Rhode Island

BLOCK ISLAND, "Bermuda of the North" THE CROWN is a small modern hotel, delightfully located, stressing home essentials—spacious, comfortable rooms, carefully prepared meals, sports. Rates \$21-\$24. Mrs. F. B. MADISON.

Pennsylvania

Lenape Village The Adult Camp on Lake in Pooncong. Rustic cabins with modern conveniences. Central dining-room. Riding, tennis, fishing, swimming. Rates by day or week. Christian. DAVID O. KEISER, 4813 Kingsessing Ave., Phila., Pa. There are first-class boy and girl camps near by.

Vermont

Chester, THE MAPLES Delightful summer home. Cheerful, large airy rooms, pure water; bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. The Misses Sargent.

Mountain View Farm, Danby, Vt. Ideal, secluded location, 1,500 ft. elevation, magnificent view from porch of Mt. Dorset and Tabor Range. Airy, large, comfortable house, fireplaces, electricity, modern bath-rooms, pure spring water. Near the Long Trail. Motoring. Pleasant walks. \$18 per week; \$3 per day. Booklet. N. P. Dillingham.

Washington

The CAMLIN, Seattle's most distinguished hotel. Smartly correct in guest facilities and service at sensibly moderate rates. Illus. brochure on request. H. L. BLANCHER, Mgr.

Wyoming

A GREAT VACATION

Trapper Lodge, Sixteen-Bar-One Ranch Shell, Big Horn Co., Wyoming
In Big Horn Mountain cow country. Horseback riding, lake and stream fishing. Our garden and dairy herd supply our table. A complete mountain-top camp maintained. For reservations write GAY WYMAN, Mgr.

WYOMING MOUNTAIN RANCH. Quiet, home-like atmosphere, detached cabins, excellent table. Horseback riding, trout fishing, big game. Limited accommodations. Also 5 boys (12-20 years) accepted under personal supervision. References exchanged. Booklets. TRIANGLE F RANCH, Bondurant, Wyo.

FRED J. RICHARD RANCH Cody, Wyoming
Horseback tours through Yellowstone. Trout fishing, perfect hunting country. Excellent food. For rates, booklets, write direct, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

Board

Boarders wanted—8-room house, hot, cold running water, bath, fireplace, screened piazza. \$25 single, \$21 double. Pleasant home. Henrietta D. Gardner, The Anchorage, Truro, Mass.

ROOMS AND BREAKFAST. Exceptional opportunity for those wishing comfort and refinement in beautiful home on beach at restricted Conn. resort, between New Haven and New London. \$30 per week. Other board obtainable at hotels. 35, Outlook.

Apartments

Furnished
For rent for the summer apartment near Columbia University, New York City. Accommodates four. References exchanged. C. M. COLEMAN, 509 West 122d St., N. Y. C.

Real Estate

Connecticut

FOR SALE—Six-Room Cottage at one of the most attractive mountain lakes in Connecticut. For particulars address J. B. ADAMS, Winsted, Conn.

Maine

FOR SALE

A "Going" Boys' Camp in Maine
40 miles from Portland. Inland. Tide-water bay. 100 boys last summer. Night sell part interest. Class A camp. 9,869, Outlook.

Massachusetts

Cape Cod, Truro Attractive cottages, \$300-\$400 season; 6 and 7 rooms, baths; completely furnished; bay and surf bathing. C. A. SLADE, Truro, Mass.

IN NANTUCKET TO 2 connecting rooms with private bath, also separate rooms by week or season. 1 min. to meals. For sale by owner, 15-room colonial house, good garage. Residential; 3 mins. to center. Over 1/2 acre land; would divide. A bargain. Address Box 45, Nantucket, Mass.

(For other Classified Advertisements see next page)

Real Estate

Massachusetts

FOR RENT RICHMOND, MASS.
In the Berkshires
8 miles from Pittsfield, 7 from Lenox, 10 from Stockbridge, attractive furnished cottage, 1 mile from R. R. station, post office, and store. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, maid's toilet, 3 fireplaces, electricity, electric refrigerator, 2-car garage. \$600 per season. Owner, Mrs. W. B. BOWNE, Richmond, Mass.

OCEAN-FRONT BUNGALOWS
Moderate Rentals
S. OSBORN BALL, Truro, Mass.

New Hampshire

For Rent White Mountain bungalow, 3 rooms and bath, hot and cold water. Sleeping porch, tent, fireplace. Golf near. Tramping center. 25, Outlook.

New Jersey

HANDSOME HOMES IN HACKENSACK and vicinity, all improvements; easy commuting; small cash, balance like rent. ORVIS, 298 Main St., Hackensack, N. J.

Pennsylvania

EAGLES MERE PARK, PA. Furnished cottages, available for all or part summer season. Write for circular. H. V. YEAGER, Agent.

Vermont

FARM OR SUMMER HOME
60 ACRES, MENDON, VT.
1,800 ft. elevation, wonderful view, 7 miles from Rutland, 1/2 mile off State highway. Make fine summer or year-around home. 9-room house, entirely rebuilt, modern plumbing, stone fireplace, stone porch, large barn, small pond and trout brook; some spruce timber. Price \$5,000. FRANK C. DUNN, Rutland, Vt.

New York

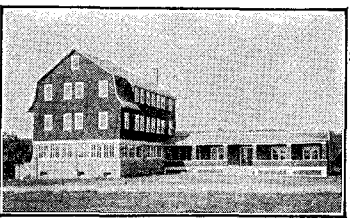
Adirondack Camp
Furnished; hot and cold running water, bath, electric lights, open fireplace. By the month, or \$250 for season. Also smaller camp by week or season. ALMON WARD, Jay, N. Y.

New York

For sale or rent Adirondacks Six room log camp, furnished, on beautiful Indian Lake. Address Log Camp, Little Falls, N. Y.

LAKE RONKONKOMA

Beautiful bungalow, 6 spacious rooms, built-in plumbing fixtures, pantry, fireplace, sun-parlor, steam heat. Excellent situated on State road. Plot four thousand feet. \$6,500. Convenient terms. LE ROY VOLLGRAFF, Lake Ronkonkoma, N. Y.



FOR SALE—Large Boarding-House, practically new

30x60 dining-room and dance hall, beautifully located at high altitude in the lake regions of Sullivan County. Splendid supply of spring water, artificial lake under construction, pine groves and other natural attractions. Present owner's time completely absorbed in other lines of business, therefore this very desirable property is offered at considerably less than actual cost. For description and price write D. B. ADAMS, Wurtsboro, N. Y.

A Mart of the Unusual

C-FAR FIELD GLASSES, \$2

Consists of two rimmed lenses in neat leather case, slips into vest pocket, weighs only 1 1/2 ounces. Gives 6 diameters magnification. Money back if not satisfied. Send \$2 today to BUFFALO OPTICAL CO., Dept. TO-1, 574 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

For sale—rare bronze bell, inscribed E. Force, New York, 18" high, 48" circumference, also yoke for same; perfect condition. FRANCES L. W. MANNERS, Westport, Conn.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at \$2 or printed stationery at \$1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

TEACHERS register now, attractive vacancies for September. Associated Teachers Agency, 522 Fifth Ave., New York City.

FOR summer positions, counselors, hostesses, camp mothers, managing housekeepers, Swedish and Nova Scotian waitresses, chambermaids, head-waiters, etc. Holmes Employment, Providence, R. I.

HELP WANTED

COMPETENT woman to take entire charge of the table in family with whom a few Mt. Holyoke College people take meals. Reply Box 51, South Hadley, Mass.

REMOVED college on Pacific coast wants cultivated Christian gentlewoman, who is also necessarily trained nurse, to become supervisor of health and housemother in women's dormitory. Position opens September 15. Conditions attractive. Apply 8,570, Outlook.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite A-W-5842, Washington, D. C.

REFINED Protestant woman as mother's helper in family of four children, for July and August, in very quiet country place, sixty miles from New York. Must understand cooking. References required. 8,571, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CAPABLE American widow, good disposition, perfect health, educated abroad, wants responsible position. Could take entire charge children, household, correspondence. 8,567, Outlook.

COLLEGE student, 19, male, desires position as tutor in history, English, or music. Cultured and refined. Experienced as composer and author. Free to travel. References. 8,559, Outlook.

COLLEGE woman wishes position as companion, governess, or some place of trust. Mary Manley, Portsmouth, R. I.

GENTLEWOMAN of varied social experience desires position as companion or hostess. Capable of creating smart, homelike atmosphere. Superior references. 8,563, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

MASTER of EQUITATION—European ex-cavalry officer, 5 years' experience in this country, wishes position in fall as head master of equitation, preferably in private school where education, discipline, and ability are appreciated. Any part of country considered. Excellent references. 8,568, Outlook.

NURSE, experienced, refined, for invalid. No objection to country or seashore. Good traveler. Excellent references. 8,539, Outlook.

ORGANIST and CHOIRMASTER of well-known school, at liberty June 24 to September 16, will supply at church not more than 100 miles from New York City. Experienced, 8,572, Outlook.

REFINED Virginian, young woman, experienced teacher, musical, position as governess or companion, July, August. Will travel. 8,573, Outlook.

REFINED young woman with some university work and nurse's training wishes employment as resident or traveling companion. References. 8,574, Outlook.

SERVANT, gentleman, club servant, houseman, Swiss, honest, reliable, references, wishes position. Bergher, 312 East 87th, New York. Sacramento 8044.

TEACHER, male, Protestant, college graduate, age 23, desires tutoring position during July and August. Mathematics preferred. Willing to travel. 8,533, Outlook.

VASSAR graduate, high school teacher, 25, desires summer position as tutor or companion. 8,576, Outlook.

YOUNG Frenchman desires summer position as tutor-companion for boys. References. 8,562, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, college graduate, teacher of experience, desires position for summer as traveling companion or tutor to young children. Excellent references. 8,564, Outlook.

YOUNG woman desires position as secretary or companion. Willing to travel. References exchanged. M. M. B., Box 93, Tolland, Conn.

MISCELLANEOUS

To young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of \$10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

CULTURED gentlewoman, trained teacher and psychologist, will board and give mother's care and understanding to girl, 4 to 6 years. Quiet country home. \$55 per week. Mrs. Margaret Butler, East Hadham, Conn. Tel. Moodus 176. References exchanged.

The Spiritual Adventure

(Continued from page 304)

ble, beneficently—there will come a time when you will have to revolt. But be sure that you revolt only against that which denies you the freedom of thought and action necessary to your awakened self—old folk-ways, conventions, and man-made moralities which, like the ghosts of the dead, still terrify and tyrannize, though long since past their term. Revolt is a necessity of progress, but it should be dispassionate, impersonal, intelligent—you should know what you are revolting against, and why.

Creating in this way your own unique world of experience, strive always for simplicity—not the simplicity of crudeness, but of culture. Culture is not mere intellectual adroitness; it is the synthesis each is able to make of all that he has learned, felt, and experienced. Of such a culture simplicity is the final flower; behind it are cataclysms of the soul and accumulations of wisdom, just as behind the simplicity of a leaf are cosmic and geological cataclysms.

Every one desires and strives for happiness, and in the same way that an animal is guided toward what is good for it by its instinctive likes and aversions, this desire for happiness may be made the thread to guide you through the labyrinth of life. For you will increasingly learn to forswear the pleasure which lasts but a moment, which dies in

satiety, which changes to its opposite, in favor of those more serene and enduring pleasures which are related to the altruistic and impersonal life. To put it figuratively, in the cultivation of your garden you will weed out the plants of fugitive pleasure, killed by the first frost, and plant in their place those hardy perennials which the winds of chance and the snows of adversity do not affect. So doing, the time will come when, having tasted and tested joys and sorrows without number, you will glimpse a happiness, having which, you can dispense with every other. The expression "unity of being" serves both to name this happiness and to define its necessary condition.

How shall this unity of being be achieved? Only by so purifying, developing, and harmonizing the physical, emotional, and mental natures that they shall not mutually interfere with and negate one another, like unruly horses pulling opposite ways, but work together, operate as one. This requires that order of skill and talent which belongs to the artist, for the function of art is the achievement of unity—out of chaos and diversity to bring every element into such organic relation to every other that beauty may result. For the establishment of such a unity of being freedom is essential, for where there are prohibitions there will be inhibitions, and where there are suppressions there will be self-repressions, and these things

are fatal to the establishment of harmony within one's self. But the freedom you need most is inner freedom, a thing no law, no power, no person, is able to deny to any one. The process of harmonization is twofold: to make the inner life of thought and emotion equal to the demands of the deeper, more magnanimous, and impersonal self, and to adjust the outer life of action to the social framework in accordance with these new demands. Were either of these perfectly achieved, the other would be also.

Make your life a thing of beauty; recognize the possibility of its infinite perfectability and take your evolution in your own hands, shepherding with your will all your weak, unruly, ignorant selves into the sheepfold of your spirit. The strength and wisdom to do this will be yours as you progress, for the sheep are themselves the shepherd and the sheepfold, and the follower of the path is himself the path.

The harmonization of the threefold nature results in beauty of life and unity of being, and these lead to union. The nature and results of union are incommunicable; it is something which can only be realized, not related or described. It can be indicated allegorically in terms of the amorous meeting of man and woman, for that is the most perfect symbol of this union of the personal self with its divine counterpart. It has been called Nirvana; it has been called Heaven. It is the Kingdom of Happiness.